

3398
JULY

BUSY MAN'S



MAGAZINE



The Romance
of Transportation

What Flag
Should Canadians Fly?

Relaxations of Business
Men

A Canadian Pasha

MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

LIMITED

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG & LONDON, ENG.

Publication Office 10 Front St. E. Toronto.

\$2.00 a year

Twenty Cents a copy

The BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol XVIII

TORONTO JULY 1909

No 3

Romance of Transportation in Canada

By

W. S. FISHER.

THE forty-two years that have elapsed since Confederation have been the most eventful in the history of Canada. During that period, what were formerly a series of disjointed provinces or colonies have been consolidated into one Dominion, which has leaped into world-wide prominence with almost lightning-like rapidity. Distance has been annihilated. High speed and reduced cost for transit have brought widely-separated communities closer together, have created a bond of union and have solidified and strengthened that bond into one of mutual interest. The remote has become near, so that in point of time and convenience, our friends a thousand miles distant are now more accessible than were those a hundred miles away fifty years ago.

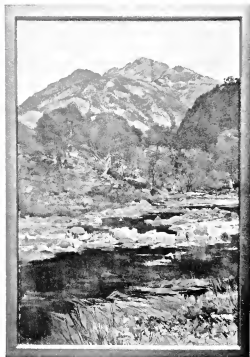
No more romantic story could be written than that of the development of transportation in Canada, and if any one had had imagination enough forty years ago to predict what has since come to pass, he would have been looked upon as a greater romancer than the author of the Arabian Nights.

Looking back over the past hundred years, what changes have been

brought about on this continent, the greater portion of which was then a "terra incognita," and looked upon as impossible for cultivation or development! At that time, even in the United States, the most prominent statesmen of that country considered union of the people on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts as utterly out of the question. In 1812 President Jefferson, writing to John J. Astor, saw in the great American desert an impassable barrier. Ten years later, Tracy, of New York, in the United States House of Representatives, said "Nature has fixed limits for our nation. She has kindly provided"—mark the words—"as our western barrier, mountains almost inaccessible, whose base she has skirted with irrecusable deserts."

These two opinions reflect the general feeling then existing in the minds of the people of the United States, and are useful in leading us to estimate more truly the wonderful changes that have since been brought about mainly through improved methods of transportation.

In view of what has come to pass, who among us is bold enough to predict what the next hundred years,



CANADIAN NATIONAL ART GALLERY SERIES, NO. 7

THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

Painted by T. J. Fisher



A LINK IN THE ALL-RED LINE

C.P.R. steamer *Empress of Britain*, connecting England and Canada.

yea, even the next ten or twenty, may develop, that will bring about even greater changes than those witnessed within the lives of those present!

No man who has read even a few pages of human history will dare to make pessimistic prophecies as to the future accomplishments of the human race. It is much safer to be optimistic.

A modern writer has defined transportation as the key with which wise statesmen open the door of national prosperity. Over three hundred years ago the philosopher Bacon said: "There be three things which make a nation great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy workshops and easy conveyance for man and goods from place to place."

Of this we may be sure, that there is no other question of equal importance to the citizens of this Dominion, formed as it is of a narrow stretch of country extending a distance of several thousand miles and skirting the boundary of the great nation to the south.

The importance of the subject to Canadians is two-fold: First, to

make possible an interchange of commodities within the country itself, enabling the producers of the East and West to ship quickly and at reasonable rates the commodities they produce, such as coal, iron, lumber, fish, fruit, manufactured goods, etc., to the interior; and to permit the farmer, the wheat grower and the cattle raiser of the interior to deliver his products at the lowest cost at the seaboard and to those centres of population within the country itself which require them, and to do all this through Canadian channels.

Second, to provide the quickest and safest route for the great and increasing traffic in both freight and passengers between Europe and the Orient, an all-British or Imperial route, that is rapidly becoming the most important link in the chain of communication between the different sections of the Empire.

How do we stand with respect to these at the present time? What has been done? What remains to be done? As a matter of fact, while very much has been accomplished, only a beginning has been made in

the vast network of communication on land and sea required to take care of the huge commerce that is looming up before us.

Let us rapidly glance over the record of the past:

The first steamer to ply on Canadian waters was on the *St. Lawrence* in 1809.

The first steamer to cross the Atlantic was the *Royal William* from Quebec in 1833.

The first canal opened was the Lachine in 1825.

The first railway in Canada was built in 1836 and ran from La Prairie to St. Johns, P.Q.

The first C.P.R. train to cross the continent was in July, 1886.

The first Atlantic cable to Canada was completed in 1898.

The first telegraph line in Canada was built in 1846, connecting Toronto with Niagara.

To-day we have in round numbers 24,000 miles of railway in actual

operation in Canada, with 4,300 miles estimated as under construction. We expect soon to have three transcontinental roads in operation, each running over its own rails from ocean to ocean, which, when viewed by comparison with our neighbors to the south, is little less than amazing.

Their first transcontinental road was opened about 1865, when they had a population of about thirty-five millions; ours in 1886, when we had a population of four and one-half millions. They now have several roads crossing the continent but not one of these has a complete system of its own. Instead, each one is made up of parts of various roads joined together in a series of links requiring several to form a complete chain.

Perhaps if there is one thing more than another that every Canadian at home or abroad feels proud of, it is our own Canadian Pacific Rail-



ENTERING WINNIPEG IN 1870

The landing of the first railway equipment in Manitoba. Connected by rail with the outside world was not made until December 10th, 1870.



TORONTO STATION IN 1869.

A scene depicting life around the platform and tracks half a century ago.

way, easily the greatest and most successful transportation corporation in existence. Owning and controlling over 10,000 miles of railway in Canada and 4,000 in the United States; building its own freights, passenger and even sleeping cars; running its own hotels along the entire system, carrying on its own express and telegraph service, with a large fleet of passenger and freight steamers on both the Atlantic and Pacific, as well as on the Great Lakes, it has done yeoman service for the country as well as proving a bonanza to those who are fortunate enough to hold stock purchased when the road was in its early stages of struggle or before its value was fully understood.

This corporation, through its vigorous management and aggressive methods, has done more to advance Canada abroad than almost all other efforts combined. Those who have visited Great Britain and the continent know how true this is. Nor is its influence at home less potent. One is reminded of the story told of Mike Flanagan out of a job and railing at fortune. He had walked the ties from one railroad

town to another, passing the Canadian Pacific freight sheds, grain elevators and palatial hotels. This big corporation insists upon the twenty-four-hour system of time reckoning: mid-night is twenty-four o'clock, and tea-time seventeen-thirty. Flanagan was held up at the edge of the freight-yards by a fellow-countryman. "Have ye Canadian Pacific Railroad toime on ye?" And Flanagan explodes: "Canadian Pacific Railroad toime, is it? They own the railroads, an' the towns, an' every fut of land, an' all the jobs; if they own the toime of day, by the soul of blessed Peter it's me for Ould Ireland." But here, as elsewhere, the railways and the newspapers have been the precursors of progress.

While on this topic one can hardly help referring to another great Canadian railway firm, rather than corporation, that of Mackenzie & Mann, who are quietly building, section by section, an entire trans-continental railway system of their own. We look with interest at such work when carried on by great combinations of capital, but when two men, single-handed, undertake



RAILWAY SCENE IN TORONTO IN 1909

Giving some idea of the truckage required in a modern yard, The Union Station, now inadequate for its purpose, appears at the rear.

and successfully carry out such a task, we stand aghast and admire their pluck and ability.

This country has produced and is to-day producing, many such men, full of faith in the future and determined to secure their share of it, whose names will go down to posterity as men of clear vision, industry and determination. When, by and by, the history of the past century is written, such names as Allan, Cunsard, Donald Smith, Fleming, Van Horne, Mount Stephen, Shaughnessy, Hays, and many others, will be written big among the pioneers in providing means of transportation on land and sea.

In 1809 the United States had a population of six million, (equal to ours of to-day) grouped along the shore of the Atlantic, with not a single mile of canals or a single mile of railway, and no highways worth mentioning—nothing but a vigorous, forceful people, chiefly of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Now, one hundred years later, they number ninety millions, with 217,000 miles of railway and a canal system, being one of the most high-

ly developed and prosperous countries under the sun.

By contrast, Canada in this year of 1909, has the same population it had a hundred years ago scattered, however, throughout our entire area, stretching from sea to sea, with a complete system of waterways and railways equal to the best in the world and being developed and added to rapidly.

Each government in turn since Confederation has recognized the importance of improving the transportation facilities of the country as rapidly and thoroughly as possible, with the result that we stand to-day, as already stated, with 24,000 miles of railway in operation and 4,700 miles under construction—a wonderful record for so young a country.

A better comparison of our position can be given by the following statement: Canada has one mile of railway to each 260 people; the United States to each 400; France to each 1,600; the United Kingdom to each 1,800. Canada stands eighth in the world in actual railway mileage.

With these facts before us, who can justly estimate the changes and possibilities likely during the next twenty-five years? History is being made so rapidly in this country that it would require a man of broad vision to attempt to foretell it.

But why all this rapid growth of facilities, past, present and prospective?

In order to successfully answer the pressing question of the grain grower of the prairie. How cheaply can a bushel of wheat or other grain be carried to tide water and from thence to its destination abroad?

If, as frequently stated, our Great West is destined to become the granary of the Empire, then a satisfactory solution of this question in a way that will result in diverting all this traffic over Canadian territory and through Canadian ports is one of the utmost importance to everyone in this country, whether in the East or West. All other questions are secondary to this.

We all know that the quantities now grown are but a fraction of what will be grown in a few years, if settlers from all over the world continue to flock in upon us as they

are now doing at an average rate of over 300,000 each year, and when larger areas of the vast fertile but unoccupied lands are put under cultivation. We also know that the present facilities have been taxed to their utmost and have at times been unable to cope with the situation.

The past few years have witnessed a marked change in the sentiment of the whole country. The importance from every point of view of securing and retaining within our own borders the entire traffic originating here, has taken a great hold upon the minds of the people. This feeling is reflected in the efforts of the government of the day who are grappling vigorously with it in order to keep pace with the demand and to assist in providing those facilities which are required to prevent the continued diversion of any large portion of Canadian traffic to American channels.

There has been a good deal of discussion concerning the rivalry of the Mississippi route via Galveston and the Gulf of Mexico, for the grain trade of Canada, and the American Government and people have for some years been debating the question of deepening the Mis-

issippi and connecting it with Chicago and Lake Erie by canal. In fact, a drainage canal now connects part of the distance named, from Chicago to Joliet.

Just where the basis for this fear rests is somewhat puzzling, as it would seem impossible to maintain a proper depth of water throughout this river, which is subject to many fluctuations and is full of sand-bars for much of its course, with its bottom ever shifting in depth. Even if it were possible to navigate barges of sufficient draft and carrying capacity during the season of open navigation, the time consumed in reaching the sea, with the much longer voyage on the ocean to destination, in addition to the heat to which the wheat cargoes would be subjected, would of itself prove too great a drawback for the trade ever to develop into serious proportions. If this view is correct, we must look in other directions for danger.

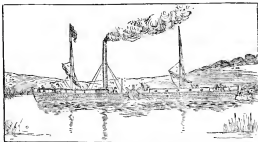
This brings us to a consideration of the Erie Canal, opened in 1825 and enlarged in 1862, running from Buffalo to Albany, a distance of 300 miles, with a maximum depth of seven feet and a cargo capacity of 8,000 bushels to each barge.

Contrast this with our own route through the lakes via the Welland Canal, a distance through the canal

of only 64 miles, with a draft of 14 feet and a carrying capacity per barge of 80,000 bushels; or ten times the capacity, with a much shorter and quicker route, and with the time of open navigation practically the same.

The American Government is now at work improving the Erie Canal at an estimated cost of \$110,000,000, increasing its depth to 12 feet to take 1,000-ton barges, four times the present size. It is calculated that it will take at least twenty years to complete this work.

In the meantime, the Canadian Government is planning to increase the depth of the Welland from 14 to 20 feet, thus placing it so far ahead of any competition as to secure the major portion of the Canadian traffic, and it is hoped a share of the American as well. As naturally as water runs down hill, so trade finds its own level and business develops along the line of least resistance. In this case, the St. Lawrence River, piercing its way into the heart of the continent and connecting with the Great Lakes through such an admirable canal system, affords an outlet that has no equal. This is now being fully recognized, even by our neighbors to the south, who are seriously discussing what can be done to prevent



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF NAVIGATION

The first steamer that sailed the St. Lawrence River in 1799



ST. LAWRENCE NAVIGATION, 1909

The new White Star Dominion triple screw steamer Laurier, 365 ft. long, 15,000 tons



THE DAYS BEFORE THE RAILWAY

Remains of old Fort Garry, Winnipeg, the dog train showing how the place was then reached

the diversion of a large part of the freight originating in their own West, through Canadian channels.

If, as now seems sure, the export trade via the St. Lawrence continues to grow, it is felt that the increased facilities outlined will not be sufficient, and another canal, the Georgian Bay, with a minimum depth of 21 feet, commencing in the bay of that name and connecting with the Ottawa River, has been projected and is being pushed by those who believe it will be required to handle the increased tonnage which in a few years will seek an outlet from the Great West to the sea.

The advocates of this waterway claim many advantages for this route, among others, that it is distant from the American border, hence safer in the event of friction between the two countries. The cost is estimated at over one hundred millions and while opinions differ as to its feasibility, there seems to be a growing sentiment in favor of it as providing the surest means of placing the country in an impregnable position to handle the business without fear of successful rivalry.

Other projects have been put for-

ward, all looking towards increasing the outlets from the prairies, the latest being a canal from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay, which, however, is not looked upon very seriously.

Already a section of railway connecting with Hudson Bay has been opened, but the possibilities even of this route are looked upon with doubt, owing to the extremely short as well as uncertain time of open navigation in that inland northern sea.

Another alternative route that is sometimes mentioned is via British Columbia ports and the Panama Canal when completed. It is yet early to discuss this intelligently, but lines of steamers are now running from Vancouver to the United Kingdom, transhipping their cargoes at Puerto on the Pacific side of the Mexican Isthmus, and reloading on ships at Salina Cruz on the Gulf side. The rates of freight on goods to the United Kingdom and return via this route have been made much less than it is possible to make by rail across the continent, and thence across the Atlantic.

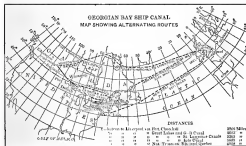
The length of time given for this route is 42 days, and whether it will ever be a factor, even when the Panama Canal is completed, time

alone will tell; but the facts are worth recording as showing the efforts being made in various directions to capture and divert to other routes the growing traffic originating in the Great West.

Dr. J. W. Robertson, well known as one of our foremost Canadians, in a recent address to manufacturers in Montreal, stated that the products of Canadian farms in 1908 amounted to 4.2 millions, all having to be transported greater or less distances. He estimated the value of live stock in Canada at 530 millions. Add to this the enormous quantities of coal, lumber, fish, iron, manufactured goods, etc., produced in the country, as well as the millions of dollars' worth of imported goods, in addition to the through goods to and from China, Japan and Europe; and the total gives a more complete idea of the immensity of the present traffic and that which will follow in the near future.

Addressing the manufacturers at Quebec on May 19th, 1906, Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy, speaking about the importance to the country of improving the St. Lawrence route, said: "I shall be much disappointed if it be not quickly demon-

strated that the possibilities of the St. Lawrence route are infinitely greater than anybody was inclined to believe; but if we are to accomplish all that is anticipated, there are many things to be done. We must have the waterway from the ocean so lighted and buoyed and so free from obstruction as to practically remove the last element of danger. We must have wharves and facilities that will enable the traffic to and from ships to be handled with economy and despatch. We have done much to improve the St. Lawrence route, but much remains to be done. The United States Government spends many millions in deepening the harbors of New York, Boston, Portland, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, etc., and millions more on its harbors on the Great Lakes. If we are not to be rendered dependent on American ports, we must do our utmost, regardless of expense. I might also say, to improve the St. Lawrence route. The well-being of the whole Canadian people is involved. It is the political future of the country. It is by all odds the most important question of the day. Unless we complete a thorough system of improve-



INLAND NAVIGATION

This map shows the alternative routes between Western Canada and Europe.

ments based on scientific principles, we cannot hope to retain the rapidly growing traffic of the Northwest within Canadian channels. Much of it now finds its way to American ports; much more will go that way unless we bestir ourselves."

That was three years ago. Since then the work of improving the St. Lawrence River and in providing terminal facilities at Montreal have been pushed rapidly forward, and it seems safe to assume that this effort will not slacken until this greatest of waterways and our great national summer port will be equipped and ready to meet any possible increase in the traffic for many years to come.

The Lower Provinces as factors in the welfare and development of Canada are becoming more fully appreciated. Their position geographically is unique. Like a great wharf projecting into the sea stands Nova Scotia, a province rich in such natural resources as coal, iron, lumber, orchards and farm land, and waters teeming with fish.

Back of it on the edge of the mainland, lies New Brunswick, also with a great coast line; rich in the wealth of the sea, with undeveloped mineral resources and great forests of hard and soft wood, the value of which is becoming more fully realized each season.

Then Prince Edward Island, well called the Garden of the Gulf, one of the most fertile sections of this whole Dominion; all peopled by a race whose physical and mental qualities are not surpassed anywhere and who have made their mark wherever they have gone.

The Maritime Provinces possess the only Canadian ports on the Atlantic seaboard that are open all the year round. Therefore the position of the Lower Provinces is strategic and they practically hold the key of the situation, in having the only open doorways during the winter season over Canadian soil through which to carry on the rapidly expanding commerce of the whole Dominion.



By
R. P. CHESTER.

Most people have noticed how cumbersome an ordinary umbrella or sunshade is when one's hands are used for other occupations, such as bicycling, carrying parcels, a stick, an angling-rod, or a whip, or working with any tool in the open air. One often wishes to have three or four hands on such occasions. If a strong wind is blowing the unpleasantness is felt still more and sometimes persons prefer to get wet instead of forcing their way through the storm with open umbrella. These disadvantages have induced intelligent people to design umbrellas which could be fastened to the body, leaving the hands free. Trials were made in Germany and Austria some years ago, but owing to failures these appliances did not find acceptance by the public. It is only recently such remarkable improvements have been made that these useful articles will be manufactured in quantities. The accompanying illustrations give some idea of the various applications. The shades are carried by the shoulders to which they are fastened by straps and rubber bands. The skeleton consists of thirteen steel tubes which are connected by twenty-two hinges, springs and diagonal struts. Stretched over it is a square piece of cloth, which is kept tight and forms a saddle roof. When

not in use all steel rods lie parallel and the cloth is loose so that the apparatus does not take up more room than an ordinary sunshade. The



A NOVEL UMBRELLA

How one may deal with weather under this friendly canopy

weight is only nine to eleven ounces. The three longest sticks form the ridge and edges of the roof and four the support. Experiments have shown that it is well adapted to protect any



THE PETERBOROUGH LIFT LOCK

This is the largest of the two hydraulic lift locks on the Great Canadian System, the second one being at Kirkfield, Ont.

person from the excessive heat of the sun as well as rain. The fact that it is open in the front and in the rear is a



ANOTHER USE OF THE UMBRELLA

Showing how a photographed varactor may pleasantly pursue his work.

ders it strong enough to withstand wind. The arms of the wearer are left perfectly free to move around and the small weight on the shoulders is scarcely felt. The numerous struts distribute the weight and wind pressure if the latter comes from one side to the upper part of the body. There are several sizes and styles, to satisfy the taste of everybody. These saddle-umbrellas as they are called will undoubtedly be welcomed by all those who have to be at all times in the open air, like surveying engineers, mail men, messengers on bicycles, as well as tourists, sportsmen, landscape painters, gardeners, farmers and others.

The second National Peace Congress met recently in Chicago. It was a gathering of remarkable power and significance. Its program included the names of some of the most prominent educators, statesmen, diplomatic clergymen and social workers

of the country. The total number of delegates was very large. The prevailing note of the convention was that of optimism. The approach of the day of peace was definitely prophesied by every speaker, but by none more powerfully than by President Selarman, of Cornell W. R. Buchanan, who has had no small experience in arbitration, gave sensible advice relative to jingo talk and favored the larger use of The Hague Conference and the abolition of Joint Commissions. He further expressed disbelief in compulsory arbitration. In this, however, the Congress did not altogether agree, for compulsory arbitration was favored by some of the speakers. A number of other theories were suggested, including a suggestion by President Jordan, of Leand Stanford, that instead of building Dreadnoughts, there should be insurance against injury that the Dreadnought might do. Mr. Edward Ginn proposed an International School of Peace. Mr. H. N. Higginbotham, president of the Columbian



JOHN R. LINDGREN

Who has donated \$20,000 to the North Western University to provide lectures and support an international peace

Exposition, believed that the cause of peace could be furthered by the refusal of future world's expositions

to accept displays of the implements of war. General F. D. Grant, however, believed that great military preparations are necessary for peace. The session closed with a great banquet of a thousand people given under the auspices of the Chicago Association of Commerce, at which were present a large number of diplomats and prominent members of the Peace Conference. It was at this dinner that a gift of \$25,000 to the Northwestern University was announced, for the purpose of founding a permanent series of lectures, and to secure the annual payment of prizes for essays upon questions of international peace and interdenominational religious harmony. The giver was John R. Lindgren, Swedish consul to Chicago and cashier of the State Bank of Chicago.

A high honor has just been paid Dr. George Sterling Ryerson by the federal government. He has been appointed official representative for Canada at the International Congress of Medicine, which meets this year in Buda Pesth, Austro-Hungary. Dr. Ryerson, who is one of the cleverest and most brilliant of Canadian medical men, will leave Toronto on July 10th and will be abroad some three months. He has been a teacher of medicine since 1881, and comes of a stock that has played an important part in the military and educational life of the Dominion. A nephew of Rev. Egerton Ryerson, founder of the Ontario school system, his father was in several battles of 1812 and was severely wounded before Fort Erie. The Ryerson family is of good United Empire Loyalist associations and the doctor's grandmother, Mehetabel (Stickney) Ryerson is believed to have been the first white subject of English origin born in Canada after the cession of the country by the French. She was known for many years as the "Mother of Nova Scotia." George Sterling Ryerson was a full fledged M.D. many months before he was

twenty-one years old. He spent five years abroad. His first military appointment was as surgeon of the Royal Grenadiers in 1881. He saw service in the rebellion of 1885 in the Northwest, receiving, in recognition of his services in this campaign, the promotion to surgeon-major, the imperial war medal, and the Third Class Decoration of the Order of St. John. In 1895 he was made deputy surgeon-general. Through his efforts the ambulance corps of the Grenadiers



DR. G. S. RYERSON

Awarded representative of Canadian Government at the International Congress of Medicine, Buda Pesth.

was organized in 1884, and he was also instrumental in forming the Association of Medical Officers of the Militia, of which he was president. He was a founder and president of the Toronto Clinical Society and an original member of the Ophthalmological Society of Great Britain. Dr. Ryerson is an honorary member of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. He has been a residing officer and guest at many international gatherings. One of his most memorable tasks was in founding the Canadian Red Cross Society



RE-OPENING OF THE WHITE CITY

Lord Strathcona, the second figure on the right, is asking the Duke of Argyll (standing next to him) to formally open the Exhibition.

thirteen years ago. He has been chairman of the executive committee from its foundation. Col. Ryerson, who is now on the Reserve list, was senior officer of the Army Medical Corps. He was the Canadian Red Cross Commissioner with Lord Roberts' headquarters during the South African war and was mentioned in despatches. He organized the St. John's Ambulance Association in 1895 in Canada and is the general secretary for the Dominion. For six years he was member for East Toronto in the Ontario Legislature.

The re-opening of the White City at Shepherd's Bush this season

bids fair, according to the London Tatler, to rival last year's success. At the formal opening a few days ago a representative number of people were present. Lord Strathcona, the venerable Canadian High Commissioner, is seen in the

illustration asking the Duke of Argyll to formally open the exhibition. It is interesting to recall that the Duke of Argyll (then the Marquess of Lorne) was Governor-General of Canada from 1878 to 1883. He proved to be a highly esteemed and much beloved viceroy. Over a quarter of a century has elapsed since he left the Dominion and those who remember him in



THE KING WINS THE DERBY

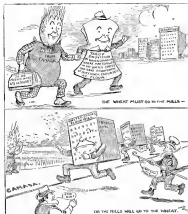
Royal scene at Epsom Downs on the day of the famous race.

MEN AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

the early eighties, will scarcely recognize him in the picture taken on this festive occasion. Years have wrought considerable change in His Grace, who is now sixty-four. In 1871, he married H.R.H. Princess Louise, fourth daughter of the late Queen Victoria. The duke is much stouter in build and appearance than when Canadians knew him so well, while the progress of time has silvered his hair and furrowed his countenance. He still takes a deep interest in Canada and all things pertaining to the welfare and development of the Dominion.

The most popular victory ever recorded at Epsom Downs was when King Edward's brown colt Minerva galloped home a winner in the recent Derby contest. The enthusiasm aroused was the greatest known on

the historic race course, and only a Briton can fully appreciate the pride of the achievement. This is the first time a horse of a reigning monarch has captured the Derby stakes of 6,500 guineas, although King Edward, when Prince of Wales, won the great race, in 1896 with Persimmon and in 1900 with Diamond Jubilee, both animals being bred at his own farm. In the illustration is seen Mr. Richard Marsh, the King's trainer, on the left of his Majesty. On the King's immediate right is his racing adviser, Lord Marcus Beresford; looking over Lord Marcus's shoulder, and evidently delighted at the unparalleled enthusiasm, is the Prince of Connaught. Then comes the Prince of Wales, who did some useful shouldering work in keeping his Majesty's royal and devoted subjects from hustling their King, and finally there is seen Prince Alexander of Teck.



THE TREND OF THE TIMES

It is up to the United States Congress to say which it will be.

—Journal (Montreal)

The Indiscretion of the Best Man

By ANNE ALDEN.

From Harper's Monthly.

IF the best man had been discreet he never would have taken the maid of honor out to lunch on the very day of the Carr-Herkemer wedding. But the best man was not discreet; the maid of honor was charming; the lunch was elaborate and protracted. It was two o'clock when he bowed his temporary adieu to her on the maid of honor's door-step; he then had to call at the jeweler's for the ring—left there to be engraved—send a few telegrams, buy white ribbons and gloves, go home, change his clothes, call for the rector of All Angels, and appear with him at the bride's home by three.

Mortal man could not accomplish all this. The carriage came for the best man while he was still fumbling with buttons and studs. After a rapid calculation of his remaining time, he sent word to the driver to call at Ardville Court for the Reverend John Honeyman and then return for him. He knew that he took a risk in adopting this course, for the rector was notoriously absent-minded, and had been known to forget engagements even after he had started out to keep them. But the best man reasoned that his family would be on the lookout for the carriage, and would put Doctor Honeyman into it; then, by the time the coachman had come back, he himself would be ready and his reputation saved.

The rector's daughter was on the lookout for the carriage. Seeing one drive up, she ran to tell her father, assisted him into the proper overcoat

and hat, saw that he had his handkerchief and his gloves, his surplice and his prayer-book, and escorted him to the door.

Ardville Court was one of those pretentious apartment houses so plentifully dotting the city of Washington. Beneath that spacious roof which sheltered the rector of All Angels lived also the Hon. Samuel Nixon, member of Congress from Texas, whose wife was entertaining a visiting cousin with a round of official gayeties. They had planned to devote that afternoon to calling, but Mrs. Nixon had a headache and it was decided that Jeannette must go alone. A carriage was ordered, and Nixon, Jr. flattened his nose against the window to watch for it while his cousin made herself ready for the fray.

"Here's the carriage, Jeannette! It's at the door now! It's stopped!"

"All right, Bobby. Run and give the driver his list and tell him I'll be right down," replied his cousin, busy with hat and veil. Bobby hastened to hand the calling-list to the coachman and to deliver his message. The man took the list and hoped the party would hurry. His horses didn't like to stand. Bobby ran back to tell his cousin.

At this moment the Reverend Honeyman emerged from Ardville Court, advanced to the carriage, and climbed in, waving his hand to his smiling daughter on the porch. The driver looked puzzled.

"Ain't the lady going, sir?"

"The lady?" repeated Doctor Honeyman. Then, thinking the man meant his daughter: "No; she is coming later. It is all right. Drive on, my man."

And the rector of All Angels was home away into the unknown.

Miss Honeyman, on her way into Ardville Court again, passed Jeannette coming out. They chatted a moment, and the rector's daughter wished the other a pleasant afternoon.

There was no carriage waiting when Jeannette reached the street, but one drove up just as she appeared. The coachman had a white flower in his buttonhole. It looked rather wedding-y, she thought; but, of course, if he wanted a boutonniere, she didn't object. She tripped down to the curb, saying, "Is this the carriage from Browney's?" Being assured that it was, she entered it and closed the door. The carriage did not move.

"Go on, driver. No one else is going," she said.

"Beg pardon, miss, but I thought I was to take the rector," answered the man.

"The rector?"

"Doctor Honeyman, miss."

"Why no; you were to take me," said Jeannette. "I ordered this carriage."

Here the elevator-boy chimed in, with the information that Doctor Honeyman had gone to a wedding.

"He isn't going with me," declared the young lady. "You have the addresses, haven't you? You know where to go? Drive on."

The coachman drove on.

Jeannette occupied her time in sorting her cards, her cousin's cards, and her cousin's husband's cards into little piles ready for delivery. She regretted that she had not made a duplicate calling-list, so that she would know how many cards to leave at each place. "It would have been better to keep the list myself," she thought. "I could have told him where to go each time just as well." She decided to ask her Jehu for the list at her first stopping-place.

This place was reached in due course. Jeannette, gathering up cards and mail, was preparing to get out, when a young man burst open the door, called out "Go ahead," and entered without ceremony.

It would be hard to tell which was the more surprised—Jeannette, at his intrusion, or our best man on beholding instead of the portly doctor a vision in gray and pink. The vision congealed perceptibly in spite of its fox furs, and awaited an explanation.

"Beg pardon," blurted out the intruder. "But where's Doctor Honeyman?"

This was the second time that the rector had been insisted upon, so to speak, as a travelling companion for Jeannette. Wondering, with wrath, why people should suppose she went about with that old man, she replied that she did not know anything about Doctor Honeyman; that she had hired that carriage and was going calling. The best man pushed open the slide and communicated with the driver. That worthy's answer seemed to reassure him. He sat down and explained to his vis-a-vis the reasons for his presence in that carriage.

They were good reasons, Jeannette had to admit. She decided that she liked this young man, and gave her own explanation. The two explanations did not, however, explain the main point—how they both happened to be in the same vehicle. Suddenly the girl gasped: "The list! Ask him if he has my calling-list!"

No, the driver had no list. The two young people looked at each other. Jeannette laughed hysterically.

"It's my mistake. I'm in the wrong carriage. The rector must have taken mine and gone off in it. And I didn't have but one list. What shall I do?" "But think of me!" her companion reproached her. "You are all right. You can call up your cousin and get another list. But there's only one Doctor Honeyman, and I've lost him."

He looked so worried that Jeannette tried to console him. "I dare say we are both nervous about noth-

ing," she said. "As soon as Doctor Honeyman finds out the mistake, he'll tell the coachman to drive to the right place. He may be there before you are. Then I'll get into my own coach and go on. Don't let us worry before we have to."

The best man echoed her hopes, but his conscience troubled him, and premonitions of evil would not down. And with good reason, for when they reached the bridal mansion the rector had not arrived. The best man parleyed with some other young men at the front door, then came back to Jeannette with frowns on his brow.

"No luck. They have been phoning around, and he left Ardville Court some time ago. Ought to have been here long before this."

"Mercy! What do you suppose has happened?"

"Oh, I know what's happened," gloomily responded the best man. "He's forgotten all about this wedding, and your man's driving him about the city. Do you suppose you could remember your calling-list?"

"I'll try. I do remember the first place. Perhaps we can find him," she said, breathlessly.

"Here, Walter, catch this," called the best man to a youth at the gate. "This" was a little white box containing the wedding-ring. "Tell them not to worry. I'll find the domicile, if he's above ground. If I don't return, Walter, you might look for me in the river."

He sprang into the carriage and they were off. The search for the Reverend John Honeyman had begun.

Upon leaving his home, Doctor Honeyman leaned back comfortably and resumed the interrupted thread of scathing discourse which he was to hurl at his congregation next Sunday. The halting of his conveyance recalled him to mundane things. He looked around absently, noticed his surprise bag and prayer-book, and remembered that he was to officiate at something. His daughter having left the book-mark at the marriage service, he recollected that it was a wedding

Gathering together his possessions, he dismounted and approached the house.

A sudden bereavement had cancelled the first reception on Jeannette's list. After a talk with the lackey at the door, the Reverend Doctor returned to the carriage and remarked that the driver had made a mistake.

The next house wore a festive air. Awnings were stretched from curb to door; people were coming and going. Doctor Honeyman entered with several others, was relieved of bag and book, and found himself shaking hands with an elegantly gowned dame before he realized what was happening to him. He did not know his hostess, nor she him, but she murmured the name he had given to the butler and passed him down her receiving-line.

The rector of All Angels eschewed all purely social functions; he was amazed and confounded on finding himself at a tea. He declined refreshments, repossessed himself of satchel and book, and went out to remonstrate with his coachman.

John waxed indignant. He grumbled out that he could read, and he'd been told to go to these places, and if the gentleman'd tell him where he did want to go he'd take him there. He handed Jeannette's list to his passenger.

The rector was appalled at its length. He could not understand why he should be expected to go to all these places. He did not recognize a single name, until, at the bottom of the slip, he spied Mrs. William Bell's. She was one of his parishioners—she had a daughter—yes, he recollected something about her being engaged—that must be the place. If not, he would have to telephone to his daughter and admit his predicament. He gave the driver Mrs. Bell's address, and again they went their way.

Before Mrs. Bell's home more carriages, more automobiles, more guests in fine attire, but Doctor Honeyman had learned caution. He inquired if Mrs. Bell was expecting him. The colored man on duty at the door, know-

ing him by sight, grinned an affirmative answer; whereupon the doctor asked to be taken to a dressing-room. The man, surprised, spoke to another servant, who led the rector up-stairs to a dressing-room, and lingered until he saw that gentleman begin to don his robes of office.

The servant descended to the parlor and informed his mistress that Doctor Honeyman was up-stairs getting ready to preach. The lady turned pale, thinking he had gone insane—at her house—at a reception, of all things! "Go and stay with him, James," she said, "and tell them to send Mrs. Brown to me. She is in the dining-room."

Mrs. Brown was another parishioner. She left her coffee-urn, and heard her friend's whispered story with alarm. "Oh dear! Do you suppose his mind has turned? We must try to get him away quietly. To not have a scene here. I'll go and think of his ending like this!"

Mrs. Brown, going up-stairs, met the rector coming down. He did not look insane, and greeted her so cordially that she felt sure there was a mistake somewhere. A few questions straightened the matter out. Mrs. Brown laughed till the tears came.

"The Carr-Herkemer wedding?" she exclaimed. "Mercy! It was to take place at three. I am going to the reception myself at five."

"My good lady," replied the relieved Doctor Honeyman, "I require two things of you—Mrs. Herkemer's address and the promise that you will let me finish the ceremony before you arrive for the reception."

The amused Mrs. Brown granted both requests, and again the rector went his way. He reached Mrs. Herkemer's three-quarters of an hour late, but the marriage vows had been spoken by the time the first guests arrived to congratulate the happy pair. The bride's brother supported the groom through the ordeal. The best man was not present.

Meanwhile Jeannette, rolling away from Mrs. Herkemer's door in quest

of the rector, scribbled down all the names she could remember. There were nine. "I had fourteen names, but these will do for a starter," she said. "If we don't find him, I'll telephone to Mary for the rest. I don't know any of these people very well, but they came to my tea last week."

"So you are going over the free-lunch route," remarked her companion, glancing over the list. "All the newcomers do it, but it gets to be an awful bore after a while. We'll have to look up these addresses in the directory."

They looked up the names and hastened away to their first stop. Jeannette had remembered which one that was. At the door they were met with the news of the cancelled entertainment, and that Doctor Honeyman had called.

"You see, I was right. We will chase him all the afternoon," said the best man, with bitterness of soul.

"All right, then, we will," declared the young lady. She had become thoroughly interested in the adventure and determined to see it to a finish.

Alas! Jeannette had not remembered the order of her goings. The rector was not at the next house, nor yet the next. The best man called up the bride's home, but Doctor Honeyman had not come, and the remarks made by the person at the other end of the line filled him with indignation.

"I'm doing my best to find him. I don't know what else I can do," he said, discouraged. "Do you think we could be quicker about it, Miss—? Would you mind telling me your name?"

"Jeannette Mills. Would you mind telling me yours?"

"Howard Carr. Pardon me for not introducing myself sooner," apologized the best man. "I'm the groom's cousin. It's a good thing, I am, too. He can't cut my acquaintance, no matter what happens."

"Never mind, Mr. Carr. You are doing the best you can. We'll find him," said Miss Mills, trying to comfort the unhappy youth.

They planned their attacks upon the sa. ons "at homes" with the idea of saving time. At each house Jeannette would leave her cards and go down the receiving-line, glancing about meanwhile for the rector. She would then rejoin her escort, who had been interviewing the servant at the door, and they would dash off for their next stop.

At last they came to Mrs. Bell's and met Mrs. Brown coming out. She heard them ask for the rector, and had her second good laugh that day.

"He came here and I sent him away long ago. The ceremony is over by this time. Come back to the reception with me, you naughty Mr. Carr. You, too, Miss Mills. Our best man will need all the protection we can give him when that crowd gets hold of him. Come on, both of you."

Mrs. Brown was right. A troop of

joyous young people swirled out to meet the best man, escorted him into the house, and presented him to the bride and groom. They laughed, they gazed, they compelled him to make a speech; he attracted more attention than the principals. The bride said she did not believe she would speak to him again; the maid of honor wouldn't.

"You are the only friend I have in the world," the harassed young fellow declared to Jeannette as she prepared to continue her journeyings. "I'm not going to stay here one minute after you leave. I'm going with you to pay the rest of your calls, and then I'm going to see you home. You might just as well let me, Miss Mills, I'm going, anyhow."

Confronted with such determination, what woman could have said him nay?

Your Heating Plant

YOUR fires are at last out. Your heating plant is at rest after a long period of service. Do you know it will deteriorate more rapidly when out of use than when fired up? Your cellar is probably damp, and the ashes left in the heater with the sooty carbon in the flues, if allowed to remain and hold dampness will corrode and pit the iron surfaces, causing rapid decay. The entire plant ought to be looked over by an expert and put in proper condition to leave for the summer.



WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION (at Point Grey, B.C.)

This is one of the most complete and admirably suggested stations in the world. The tree on the right was 260 feet high and in its branches a family of snakes had their first nest. About sixty feet had to be cut off the top of the tree before it could be used as a mast to sustain the aerial wires.

The Wireless in Canada

By.

G. W. BROCK

DO modern pursuits and pleasures engender new types of disease or are these merely the creation of cartoonists, the whim of professional humorists or a sensation in the medical world? We hear of the bicycle face, golf hump, automobile neuritis, and with the expansion and spread of wireless telegraphy comes the report of an eminent French naval surgeon on various affections caused by the action of the Hertzian waves. The commonest malady among wireless op-

erators is known by the longest name—conjunctivitis—which is an optical disorder necessitating the wearing of yellow glasses, while other effects are said to be eczema, painful palpitation of the heart and extreme nervousness among those who sail the deep.

It is not generally known that Canada to-day is in the forefront of the nations of the world in the matter of the development of practical wireless telegraphy. When we read in the daily press of how wireless

messages prevent ocean tragedies and loss of life as the intelligence of a storm, a wreck or a collision at sea is flashed through the air, it is interesting to recall that in the Dominion there are twenty well-equipped, modern wireless stations. Five are located in the west and the remaining fifteen in the east. They are operated as aids to navigation and are under the control of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. During the past year over sixty-five thousand messages of all kinds were

across the briny deep from Canada to England was made, the first station on this side of the Atlantic being at Glace Bay, N.S. Two years ago a regular trans-Atlantic service was inaugurated, the cost of transmitting a message being fifteen cents a word instead of twenty-five, the figure charged by the old established sub-marine cable companies.

To-day a very large number of the vessels engaged in trans-oceanic coasting or internal waterway service are equipped with wireless telegraph outfits and operators. The efficacy of the apparatus was first brought into world-wide prominence a few weeks ago when five great liners, summoned by this mysterious aerial force, rushed to the rescue of the White Star liner Republic.

Of the score of stations in Canada all are the property of the Government with the exception of two which belong to the Marconi Company. Fifteen are high-power stations, which means that their radius of activity is between 200 and 300 miles. The remainder are low-power, with a radius of some 50 miles. It is expected that two new stations will be erected this summer, one at Three Rivers and the other at Montreal, which will complete a line of wireless communication all the way from the Straits of Belle Isle off the north coast of Newfoundland to the metropolitan city of Canada—a distance of about 300 miles.

Through the marvellous medium of the wireless, steamships coming to Canada by the northern route, are forewarned of fog or ice floes in the Straits. If these dangers are imminent no time is lost and the approaching steamer, being duly warned, veers to the south and takes the route via Cape Race and the Northumberland Straits. Much liability to danger and delay is thus averted. The approach of every vessel is noted and reports are promptly sent to the different trans-



THE INTERIOR OF A HIGH POWER STATION

Showing the apparatus and apparatus by means of which messages are despatched through trackless space.

portation companies as well as to the various newspaper offices, thus allaying anxiety in the case of storm-bound or overdue ships. The stations are also used by the meteorological department to forward weather reports. Mariners are supplied with forecasts of the weather all the way up the river to Montreal.

A high power station with its equipment costs about \$10,000 while a low-power one represents an outlay of some \$5,000. The Government has expended in the erection of stations about a quarter of a million dollars. The apparatus of a high-power station is operated directly from an alternating current generator and of a low-power station by means of storage batteries. A high-power station equipment consists of a gasolene engine connected with an alternating current

dynamo generating current at 110 volts and 125 cycles. The current is taken from the generator and stepped up through a high tension transformer to approximately 20,000 volts, which in turn is largely increased by what is known as a Tesla coil, advancing the voltage to 150,000. A condenser is usually connected across this coil in order to afford the maximum discharge of current.

The five western stations, which are located principally on the Pacific Coast and have a radius of activity of about 250 miles, are equipped with what is known as the Shoemaker system. The benefit of these stations for rescue and relief work, in the event of storm or shipwreck, has already been demonstrated in many cases. They are considered to be the most complete and up-to-date of any so far



CECIL ROUTE

Who superintends the twenty wireless telegraph stations in Canada

sent and received from these stations and the cost of their maintenance was \$58,232. These figures convey some idea of how important a part wireless telegraphy is playing in our national and commercial life.

It was in 1896 that Guglielmo Marconi first spread the Hertz waves through trackless space conveying intelligible messages a distance of 200 feet. Six years later a successful demonstration of sending and receiving wireless despatches

constructed, being provided with hot and cold water, baths and all modern conveniences.

In connection with each station a mast is required to sustain the aerial wire from which signals are despatched. This is generally about 180 feet in height, made of three long straight sticks. At Point Grey station, seven miles from Vancouver, it was not necessary to erect a mast, as there was at hand a gigantic fir tree, thirty-six feet in circumference at the base, rearing its

eagles. It was about six feet in diameter and weighed nearly two tons.

All the stations, with the exception of those in British Columbia, are operated by the Marconi Company under contract with the federal authorities. The business done consists of signal service messages, marine intelligence, private telegrams between steamers, and commercial communications. The stations have three operators each. Those on the west coast are in charge of men, who have been successful land wire operators and on account of their experience and speed, are best qualified for the posts that they hold. Preference is given by the Government to married men.

The Public Works Department has a station at Grosse Isle, where the quarantine quarters are located, and another at Quebec City, to furnish communication, commercial and otherwise, between these points.

All ocean liners plying between Montreal, Halifax and Liverpool, are equipped with wireless apparatus. The outfit costs about \$1,000 to install. The Canadian Government boats are similarly fitted, including the fishery protector cruiser, Canada, the Lady Laurier, Stanley, Minto, Montcalm and Earl Grey, as well as the new boat being built at the Government dock yards at Sorel. The ice-breakers, which do such effective service between Pictou, N.S., and Georgetown, P.E.I., have wireless outfits while the Quadra, a supply ship on the Pacific Coast, is likewise equipped. Before the present season of navigation ends nearly all the big transportation companies, whose vessels sail inland lakes, will be in touch with land by wireless, each ship having its own outfit and operator. The sense of safety afforded by such appliances in the matter of life and property, is sure to attract business to the craft possessing this modern means of protection against peril.

Another advantage of wireless waves is evidenced in connection with the work of repairing submarine cables. The Anglo Cable Company and the French Cable Company have a cable ship, the Numa, which, when anything goes wrong with their lines, puts out from shore. The trouble may be located hundreds of miles away. After repairs are made, the cable ship does not have to wend its way back to the coast to ascertain if everything is working satisfactorily. By means of her wireless apparatus she can instantly learn the news. Thus, even the old line cable concerns acknowledge, in some particulars at least, the usefulness and economy of a rival force.

The wireless stations of the Canadian Government are all under the superintendency of Mr. Cecil Doutré, a capable electrical engineer of the Marine Department, who, although a young man, is one of the most efficient officers in the service. He personally supervised the construction of the five new stations on the Pacific Coast which in point of convenience, service and equipment, are not surpassed by

any in the world. The twenty stations, over which he has control, are at the following points:

Father Point, River St. Lawrence.
Clarke City, River St. Lawrence.
Pamé Point, River St. Lawrence.
Heath Point, Anticosti.
Cape Bear, Prince Edward Island.
Pictou, Nova Scotia.
Cape Race, Newfoundland.
Whistle Rocks, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Point Armour, Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Belle Isle, Gulf of St. Lawrence.
Point Rich, Gulf of St. Lawrence.
Cape Ray, Newfoundland.
Sydney, Nova Scotia.
Cape Sable, Nova Scotia.
Partridge Island, New Brunswick.
Point Grey, British Columbia.
Victoria, British Columbia.
Pachena, British Columbia.
Estevan Point, British Columbia.
Cape Lazo, British Columbia.

A recent news despatch from the West conveys the latest intelligence of the progress of the wireless system in Canada and says the wireless telegraphic apparatus for establishing communication between Prince Rupert, Port Essington and Vancouver,



AN ISLAND STATION

A modest frame wireless house on Partridge Island, New Brunswick

topmost limbs 265 feet from the ground. Before it could be used for wireless work about sixty-feet had to be lopped off. In the branches a family of eagles had built a nest and the birds had to be dislodged with Winchester rifles before any one could ascend to sever the required length. Iron steps were attached to the side of the tree for the necessary ascension and, when the upper portion of the stately fir fell, down came the nest of the



A TYPICAL FISHING FLEET

In the Straits of Belle Isle, off the North Coast of Newfoundland. Many of the vessels are equipped with wireless apparatus

is on its way to the Coast, Mr. J. T. Phelan, superintendent of government telegraphs, and Mr. D. Minard, electrical engineer in the public works department at Ottawa, are in Prince Rupert to select suitable sites for the stations at the two northern ports. The expense of the installations will be \$8,000, and it is intended to show that the cost of wireless communication with the north is cheaper than the present system. The mountainous conditions at Prince Rupert are not favorable to a location near the har-

bor. Vessels fitted with wireless in the harbor cannot communicate easily with Vancouver, though the Rupert City, which has wireless equipment, successfully sent messages from Port Essington harbor to the station at Point Grey, a distance of 550 miles. The stations will require to be on the mountain in order that the aerials may work freely. The northern telegraphic service is now subject to frequent interruption through wires being down, but excellent results are anticipated under the wireless system.

From a Philosopher's Note Book

Harper's Weekly

H GREEN Christmas maketh a slim coal-yard.

A frog in the pond is worth two in your throat.

A branch-of-promise suit is a poor substitute for a wedding coat.

There is nothing that will burn a hole in your pocket so quickly as a cool million.

The man who said, "Talk is cheap," never had to pay his wife's telephone charges.

If, as some poet has said, all life is music, the tramp must have been set to rag time.

What a comfort it would be if the wolf at the door could be trained to chew up a few dimes as they arrive!

There was a time when a hundred thousand dollars seemed like a good deal of money, and, come to think of it, it seems so yet.

It is not so much the love of money, but the inordinate desire of its possessors to get rid of it, that is at the root of many litter-day evils.

Lost in the Post

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

From The Strand Magazine.

IT was not the knowledge that the letter was addressed to his wife which first pulled Ainslie up. It was the sudden familiarity of his own name, jumping in upon thousands of others he had seen that night. At first, indeed, his brain, fogged by the long, mechanical hours of sorting, failed to help him. He stood, staring idly and vaguely, balancing the envelope in his hand.

Round him the big sorting office, with its hundred electric lights, blazed like a vast, illuminated temple of speed. Above the hoarse cries of the superintendents, above the creak and whistle and groan of trolleys, above the incessant tramp and tread of post-men laden with khaki bags, the heavy thud—thud of date-stamps hammered the King's head. The whole building shook; the noise thrilled along the iron girders of the roof; the glass skylights caught and flung it back to the floor. And the air reeked with the fumes of boiling wax.

To Ainslie, standing midway down a row of sorters at the long, three-decked table in the centre of the room, the full significance of what he saw did not come for a whole minute. Then, as the truth glimmered on to him and grew to certainty, his heart stopped dead, to leap forward again at express speed. And for a moment his eyes saw red—nothing but red. A ferious, insane jealousy had overmastered him.

He turned the letter over and over in his fingers. It bore an Australian stamp. The postmark was Melbourne. The address was written in a round,

upright hand. And Ainslie knew that the sender was Dicky Soames, his wife's cousin, whom he hated and feared more than any man in the world. Six months back, coming down to find the postman at his door, he had been given just such another letter. That he had thrown savagely into the fire, then and there, stamping it down with his heel.

No man ever had less real cause for jealousy than Ainslie. His wife was as frank as the day, a splendid housekeeper, a magnificent mother to the children. But Ainslie, hard-working, efficient, zealous, and anxious to succeed, had a positive kink. He was almost a monomaniac. He could not bring himself to believe that, though he had been the successful suitor for Adela Morton's hand, she had not, in her heart of hearts, a strong, unquenched affection for the ac-quainted cousin who had courted her so long. The fact that Dicky Soames had, years back, gone out to join his—and Adela's—uncle at the Melbourne store made no difference to his belief. Suspicion slumbered in him always, growing alive and quick whenever the other's name was mentioned or some chance speech struck a too readily responsive chord in his jealous brain. It was his fixed belief that some day his rival would return and take Adela from him. And, though he loved her passionately, not all the arguments of doctor and saint would have coaxed him into trust.

As he stood at the sorting-table, one thought alone took full shape and domination over the thousand others

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

that flashed past him. He must have the letter—must have it at all costs. And since, in the morning, when the postman came to his house, he would be back at the office again, he must have it now.

Instinctively the hand that held the letter went towards the right-hand pocket of his coat. Then it stopped midway. Ainslie, caught by a sudden fear, had glanced quickly round. It was well for him that he did so, for behind him stood one of the superintendents, watching and alert. His eyes, full of sudden suspicion, met Ainslie's, Ainslie, his sense of self-preservation overcoming for the moment his jealousy, swung round, put the letter on its appointed heap, and began to sort for dear life.

Once or twice, during lulls in the work, more often when pressure was at its height, he glanced furtively behind him to see whether he was still being watched. The superintendent stayed—and stared. If, now and then, he moved away, it was only to go behind a pillar or to the corner of a sorting table, to some spot from which he could watch unseen. It was evident that he had seen Ainslie's gesture and believed the worse.

Quite soon Ainslie's chance was gone. The heaps of sorted stuff before him grew higher; the sub-sorters came to clear them away—to take some to the dispatching boards, some over to the postmen's tables at the far end of the room. These last, and with them the letter for Ainslie's wife, would lie there till morning, when they—and it—would be taken out for delivery a few minutes before Ainslie came back to work again. At ten o'clock the office would close; the doors would be locked; and to come at what Dicky Soames had written would be sheer impossibility. Unless—

Unless? The thought came to him as an inspiration. Could he get into the office after it was closed? Was it possible without the key? Then, smiling as he worked, he remembered. Once a colleague, having left some valuables in his working coat,

had got in through the skylights of the long, low roof. What had been done once could be done again. He would be able to get the letter after all. And then? Why, he would confront his wife with the clear evidence of the disloyalty of which he had so long suspected her!

He did not mind about the superintendent now. He had something better to think of. He had worked feverishly at the tables, doing two men's work, anxious only to kill time. At length the last letter was sorted. The boards were cleaned. With a dozen others Ainslie went over to help the dispatching clerks tie up, to pull the check-a-block bags across to the zinc-covered tables where the porters stood, seals in hand, before the pots of boiling wax. Then, after he had gone down into the retiring-room and changed his coat, he signed the big attendance book and went out into the street—to watch.

Hidden in an entry's sheltering darkness, Ainslie waited. He heard the Town Hall clock boom ten times, he watched the sorters leave in groups of threes and fours, he saw the blaze of the electric lights die down into darkness. He heard, too, the rattle of the keys as the superintendent made fast the doors. After that he waited still. It was half-past ten before he ventured to leave his hiding-place.

He hurried to the back of the building. The gates of the big yard were easy to climb and he was soon over them; but, as he knew must be the case, the swing doors of the sorting-office were locked from within. The skylight was the only possible entrance.

Close by the doors of the sorting-office a tall telegraph pole ran up, overtopping the glass roof that was Ainslie's aim. All the wires in the office were hitched to this; it had, every eighteen inches, branching metal footholds screwed into it for the electricians to ascend. Ainslie found a portable ladder, put it before the pole, jumped up, caught at

the lowest foothold, pulled himself up, and began to climb. Soon he was level with the roof. He stepped from the pole on to the wooden catwalks in a dip between the skylights, walked along a little way, and then drew his body across the glass surface. He raised a skylight that was only ajar, fixed it wide, put his feet through, and swung by one hand, feeling for a perpendicular girder with the other. He found it, caught it, set his feet on a horizontal one beneath, lowered himself, and stood on the top deck of a sorting-table. Thence he jumped to the floor.

He struck a match, and found himself close to the postmen's tables. Knowing exactly on which the letter would be, he hurried across and switched on the light. He took a bundle of letters in his left hand, and slipped each of them deftly into his right, one by one. Quite soon he came on what he sought. And then, for the second time that night, he stood staring at the envelope.

Suddenly, in the far part of the office, something seemed to creak. It was only the echo of his own involuntary movement and cry, but he couldn't know that. There in the full light he stood, staring into the surrounding darkness, his hair stiffening, his breath held, and his whole being a bundle of nerves. He took a step forward. "Who's there?" he whispered, fiercely. The roof and the distance echoed back a blurred answer. Ainslie, beside himself with fear, felt that he must get rid of what he held at any cost. Before him an unextinguished fire smouldered, glowing and red. Into it he flung Dicky Soames's letter. The paper took the flame with slow sureness, crinkled, charred, and became merged in the coals. Ainslie faced the darkness once more. "Who's there?" he called, more loudly, because of his growing fear. Again the roof and the distance echoed back their answer. But this time they echoed clearly, and he knew that his fears had been vain. He began to curse himself for a fool

and for having destroyed the evidence he had risked his career to get. And in a blind rage of disappointment and despair he climbed out of the building on to the roof, over the wooden catwalks, down the telegraph pole, and into the yard again. Then, trip-foot on the slanting beams that supported one of them, and jumped over into the by-street on the other side. But as his feet met the ground he felt a strong arm crook within his own.

Ainslie struggled fiercely, but in vain. The grip was too strong for him. In desperation he drew back to strike with all his force. The single flickering lamp outside the double doors lit up his captor's face. Ainslie went utterly limp.

"Great heavens, it's the postmaster!" he cried. He was right. He had chosen for his folly one of the rare nights on which his chief made a surprise visit to the building.

The other stared at the sound of Ainslie's voice. "Why, it's Ainslie!" he brought out.

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Ainslie, feebly.

"This is very serious, Ainslie," said the postmaster. "What's your explanation?"

If Ainslie had told the whole truth, the chief, who was a humane person, would have understood and forgiven. But shame kept him partly silent.

"I went in for a letter," he stammered.

The postmaster frowned.

"You went in for a letter?" he repeated. "A letter at this time of night?"

"Yes, sir," said Ainslie. "It was an important letter, and I wanted it at once."

The chief looked incredulous.

"How did you get in?" he demanded.

Ainslie told him. The other shook his head. "If I were a police officer," he said, "I should take you into custody right away; but, as I'm only a postmaster, I sha'n't do that. I shall suspend you from duty for suspicious

conduct. You won't come back till you hear further. Do you understand?"

Ainslie stood speechless. Should he—could he make a clean breast of it? Almost he screwed up his courage, then failed. It was impossible. His shame was too great.

"Very good, sir," he said; yet, before he turned away, he asked, pleadingly:

"Is there any chance that I shall be taken back, sir?"

The chief faced him, stern and fierce. "I can hold out no hope whatever!" he answered, briefly.

And Ainslie—broken for life—slunk up the by-street, out into the main road, home. If there was no hope then, what would there be when to-morrow the postmaster had heard the superintendent's tale?

Almost before he came into the room where his wife was sitting up for him she knew that something terrible had happened. The prolonged strain showed in his face, his walk was that of an old man, all his vitality seemed gone.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, gravely. "Tell me everything."

He told her—what he had told the postmaster. He mistrusted her still; but, most of all, he was ashamed. She heard him to the end.

"What was the letter you went back for?" she said.

Ainslie sat palsied and irresolute. Then he stammered out the lie that he had thought of on his miserable way home.

"It was about that old tall-boys!" he stammered. "I—I was in a hurry. I had an offer for it, and I wanted to know if Greaves would sell it me, so that I could let the gentleman know."

Mrs. Ainslie, looking at him with her grave grey eyes, saw that he lied. But she said nothing. It was her way.

"There's no hope of your being kept on?" she hazarded.

Ainslie shook his head.

"None whatever," he said. "Can

you wonder? Could anything look more black against a man?" Then, after a long silence, he burst out, "My God! The children! What are we to do?"

His wife got up and came across to him. She loved him. That is why, knowing that, though he was no thief, he had lied to her, she kissed him tenderly.

"There's no need to despair," she said. "It may be a blessing. You've a good trade at your fingers' ends that you learned before ever you thought of the Post Office. And you know more about old furniture than any man in Belboro!"

"You mean?" Ainslie wondered. His wife balanced herself on the arm of his chair.

"I mean," she said, "that there's no antique business in the town worth calling one. There's work for a cabinet-maker now that there wasn't a dozen years ago. And with Americans in and out of the cathedral, as they are, a shop near the Close might make as a fortune in a few years."

"But," objected Ainslie, taking heart all the same, "but a shop wants capital, and we've none. And where are we going to get the old stuff to stock it with?"

Mrs. Ainslie slipped an arm round his neck, and waved her free hand round the room at her treasures.

"My dear," she said, proudly, "aren't there all the beautiful things we've been clever enough to get together? We've got them for next to nothing—we'll get others, too. We'll make this old house a shop like the antique house at Worcester and live among the things we sell. I'll see to customers and you shall go round the county on a bicycle picking things up. Oh, we'll make it a success! We'll make it a success! And you won't be away from me so much as you've been at your Post Office work! That will help me to do without and to stand up against the struggle at last!"

The magnificence of her courage killed the last spark of jealousy in Ainslie's heart. The shock, hammer-

ing out the kink, had made him into a sane man. For perhaps the first time in his life he took her into his arms feeling that she belonged to him heart and soul.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" he cried, really happy at last. "Tell show you what I can do. We'll go through together, in spite of everything. But, first of all, I must tell you—!" Then, weakening, he broke off and hid his face in his hands. "Oh, I can't, I can't!" he cried.

Once more his wife, who was a thousand times too good for him, kissed him tenderly on the lips.

"Tell me nothing, dear," she said, "except that you love me with all your heart."

And Ainslie, saying so again and again, meant what he said.

There was, as the postmaster had told Ainslie, no hope of his going back to the Post Office. After a month of suspension the long-expected letter of dismissal came. He showed it to his wife in silence. She took the typewritten sheet of foolscap and put it in the fire. "That belongs to the past!" she said. "The present and the future belong to us!"

But for all her grit and Ainslie's grim determination to atone and succeed, the struggle was fierce and keen—the battle often against them. Cottage oak and modest brass afforded a ready sale. But their profits are infinitesimal compared with those on the more aristocratic woodwork which Ainslie could not afford to buy. Sometimes, but seldom, he was able to acquire a piece of Sheraton for an old song, to make good its damages, and sell it at a handsome profit. But these were rare chances that seldom came his way. Often at sales, for want of capital, he had to forego the purchase of some rare piece for which nearly restored, he could have got a hundred per cent. on his outlay. At times, for all his wife's encouragement and pluck, his heart failed him. He was just a living—a bare living—and no more. But he plugged on still, and the certainty that his wife

loved him had made him another man. Slowly, very slowly, things improved. Gradually he got together a connection. He began to gain a reputation for fair dealing and good work.

One afternoon, when he came back from a long hunt in the country for a gate-legged table that a client had pressed him to discover, he found his wife giving tea to a plump, round-faced, fair-haired man, who greeted him as an old acquaintance.

"Good Lord, it's Dicky Soames!" cried Ainslie. "How long have you been here?"

"Two hours!" said the other. He shook hands cordially, yet he looked at Ainslie as if he despised him.

Ainslie smiled back, with never a trace of jealousy in his heart.

"I hope Adela has kept you well entertained," he said.

Dicky Soames laughed. "Well, if it comes to that," he answered, "it's I who've been doing the talking. You see, I had some business matters to discuss with Adela."

Mrs. Ainslie looked at her husband. "Uncle Tom's dead," she explained, "and Dicky has come into the money. How much is it, Dicky?"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" said Dicky Soames, not without pride. Ainslie shook his hand warmly. "By Jove! I congratulate you," he exclaimed. "You're in luck! Isn't he Adela?"

Mrs. Ainslie turned to Dicky. "Tell Arthur the rest," she said, quietly.

Dicky, for some reason or other, seemed uncomfortable. He cleared his throat several times before he blurted out: "He left Adela five hundred." His restless eyes searched Ainslie's a second, then fell again.

Ainslie glanced at his wife. She nodded.

"How splendid!" he said. "You don't know what it means to us, Dicky!"

But the visitor looked more uncomfortable than ever. Ainslie noticed it at last, and his face mirrored

his surprise. "What's the matter?" he asked.

"Well, you see," stammered the other, awkwardly, "the old chap left something over sixty thousand, and he meant Adela to have half. But after he got paralyzed he began to get fenny. He was mortally offended because Adela never answered two letters I wrote to her for him. Then he altered his will and left her share to hospitals and other things. I did all I could to persuade him that she'd never get his letters, but he wouldn't have it. Nothing would move the old chap when he'd once got a thing into his head."

He paused, broke off, and looked searchingly at Ainslie. But Ainslie's eyes were on his wife's. His face was as white as paper, his lips chattering and blue. Dicky Soames's suspicions were confirmed. And because he disliked Ainslie for many things, but

most because he believed him to have done Adela out of the money, he could not resist loosing one Parthian shot.

"It's strange about those two letters," he reflected aloud. "I wonder—I've often wondered what became of them!"

Mrs. Ainslie got up and came across to her husband's side.

"Only one thing could have become of them!" she said, and she faced Dicky Soames with the light of battle in her eyes.

Dicky stared. "What was that?" he demanded, amazed at her manner.

"They were lost in the post!" answered Mrs. Ainslie.

And, still facing her visitor, she slipped her fingers into her husband's ice-cold hand. Ainslie knew then that she knew everything. Yet he was, if that were possible, more sure of her still.

"It's Just My Luck"

By K. E. Nagel

NOW often have we heard this expression used by one who has failed in some undertaking?

Let us ask ourselves this question, "what is luck?"

Luck to my mind is,—success. Success is for the man who does things, not half-heartedly, not because it is a duty, but whole-souledly, enthusiastically, persistently and thoroughly.

We see a successful salesman. We say, "there's a lucky chap, he gets the best salary of any of the boys in the house."—How does he get it? And why? Because he puts his whole being into his work. He is enthusiastic,—about his goods, his house and his prospects. He is persistent in his efforts. He simply will not get down-hearted. Like a spring, the more he is bent down the further he will fly up. He never tells his troubles; he tells his pleasant experiences, looks on the bright side of things, and does his work well. That salesman "does things,"—is a success, or, as we generally hear it, "He is lucky."



CANADA'S WAR OFFICE.

In the large building in the foreground are located the offices of the Minister, the Lieutenant Governor, the Prime Minister and the War Office Staff.

Military Service in Canada

By

A. S. PARKER.

SHOULD an emergency arise tomorrow requiring the presence of armed troops, Canada aims at placing a force approximating 100,000 trained men in the field within a few days' notice. Although the active militia in the Dominion numbers some 57,000 men only, and the numerical strength of the permanent force is about 3,000, in time of storm or stress, insurrection or invasion, the ranks of the former would at once

be filled with thousands of young and middle-aged men, who have served three years or more in the different units of the various establishments, but have in the course of time retired. These stalwart Canadians have, by no means forgotten how to march past, shoulder arms, or form for attack, the majority being almost as familiar with the various manoeuvres as though they had just left camp. In an emergency they could be instantly

called on, and the units be raised from the skeleton peace establishments to the numbers required for active service. A battalion of infantry would be raised from about four hundred to one thousand of all ranks, a regiment of cavalry from about three hundred and twenty to six hundred all ranks, and so on with the other arms of the service.

The standard of defence, at which Canada has long aimed, has been the power of placing in the field a force of 100,000 men, properly organized and equipped, in first line, and behind it the necessary equipment and machinery for raising an additional force of 100,000 men as second line. It is perhaps not generally known that we have compulsory military service here. All men in Canada between eighteen and sixty years, who are British subjects, and not exempt or disqualified by law, under the provisions of the Militia Act, are liable to service. Unless you are a Privy Councillor, a Judge, a member of the Executive Council of a Province, a deputy minister, a clergyman, a telegraph clerk in actual work, an employee of the revenue department, an officer of a prison or a lunatic asylum, a member of the naval militia, a policeman, a fireman, a college professor, a teacher in religious orders, or a pilot—in case of war or invasion, you are liable to be enlisted and called upon to keep step, carry a rifle, or march to the front. The Militia Act of Canada makes a few other exceptions, as in the case of the only son of a widow who is her sole support, cripples, persons of unsound mind, and those whose religious doctrines are strictly averse to bearing arms. Even if you are over sixty years old and are exempt from service by any of the special provisions, you may be such a loyal and patriotic citizen and so desirous of upholding the honor and integrity of your country that you want to fight. If your blood is roused and you possess a burning desire to do your part in defence of King and native land, the Militia Act of

Canada will not keep you from service, providing you have no physical or mental disabilities.

Another point is that when required to organize a corps, either for annual training or an emergency, if enough men should not volunteer to complete the quota required, the men liable to serve are to be drafted by ballot. If you are drawn you may hire or engage an acceptable substitute to face



SIR FREDERICK BORDEN
Canada's War Minister, who is President
of the Militia Council

the enemy in your stead, but it is under certain provisions, and these read "If during any period of service any man, who is serving in the active militia as a substitute for another, becomes liable to service in his own person, he shall be taken from such service and has place as a substitute shall be supplied by the man in whose stead he was serving." It may be noted that the men in Canada liable to service are divided into four classes,

the first, unmarried male inhabitants and widowers without children, between eighteen and thirty years of age; the second class comprises bachelors or widowers without a family, who are thirty years old or older. All bachelors and widowers with children, between eighteen and forty-five, constitute the third class who would be called to the front. The older men from forty-five to sixty would in all likelihood not be required unless the situation was extremely grave and the struggle of a protracted character.



SIR PERCY H. N. LAKE, S.C.B.C., G.C.
Inspector General and Chief Military Adviser
to the Minister.

These, however, would make up the fourth or final class of those who would, in the event of hostilities, have to join the three other classes who had gone before.

In case you were not an enthusiastic military man, had little patriotic fervor, and no strong inclination to smelt powder or to be in the thick of the fray, the question that would naturally arise in your mind would be, how long you would have to serve

in the occasion of an emergency. The regulations distinctly state that you shall not be required to serve in the field for a period longer than a year. If, however, you volunteered to go for the war—that is, during the time of its existence—or for a greater period than one year, you could not back down or reverse your decision. You would have to fulfil your engagement in its entirety. It is also possible that, should the strife be long and severe and the conditions urgent, you might be called upon to stay in the field for six months more—a year and a half in all. The Governor-in-Council, should unavoidable necessity warrant it, has the power to enforce such a regulation.

Canada's expenditure on its militia last year was, in round numbers, \$6,750,000, but this year, owing to a falling off in the national revenue, it was, like the other branches of the public service, found both advisable and necessary to reduce the expenditure, and accordingly the estimates, as presented to Parliament during the recent session, called for only \$6,113,000. For the annual drill the amount voted in 1908 was \$1,305,000, but the disbursement exceeded this allowance by \$105,000, making the total outlay \$1,410,000. In this, however, was included a charge of \$230,000 for bringing to Quebec to take part in the Tercentenary celebration about eleven thousand militia men. The sum, therefore, actually disbursed for the annual drill was \$1,180,000. It was felt that, for this year at least, owing to the financial stringency, this large sum must be curtailed and the appropriation set apart was \$860,000. In 1895 there were only 10,000 men trained in the annual camps held during the month of June, and at the headquarters of city corps. In 1898 the number was 25,206; in 1903 32,500, and last year 47,500. This season, with a view to economy and retrenchment, and in order to keep the expenditure within the allowance provided by Parliament, it was decided to try the experiment of training cer-

BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE.

tain corps of the active militia, not at central camps, but at the local headquarters, particularly the corps which have their headquarters farthest from the camp.

Important reductions were made in infantry regiments, some of which have trained in the annual camps during this month, only half strength. The reductions were based on the average number of men drilled in each unit during the past five years. Of the regiments of infantry in Western Ontario with permanent peace establishments of eight companies, eleven drilled, with only four companies, or a total strength of 207 officers and men. There were other general reductions made in all the units—artillery, cavalry, engineers, stretcher bearer corps, etc. The result was that, instead of 28,000 men trained in camps, as last year, throughout the whole of Canada, the number in camp this year was only 21,265. There are about seventeen thousand additional trained men, including various city corps and the permanent force, which makes the present training strength of the active militia of Canada about 30,000. Many military men have criticized the action of the Government in reducing the establishments. They maintain that it was a serious error to cut down the scope of the drill camps and in consequence the military authorities have come in for considerable fault-finding.

An encouraging feature is that there are in Canada to-day 200 cadet corps, which have a strength, according to last year's figures, of 8,000. The junior cadet corps consists of boys over twelve years of age attending school, and the senior cadet corps of boys over fourteen, and under eighteen years. The Minister of Militia is authorized to attach any senior cadet corps to any portion of the active militia for drill or training, but the cadet corps is not liable to service in the militia in any emergency. However, the drill and training are beneficial to body and mind, and recently Lord Strathcona donated \$250,000 to

encourage and stimulate military practice and discipline among the youth of Canada, so high is his appreciation of the work and its importance. Major C. F. Winter, D.A.A.G., has full charge of the organization in connection with the cadet corps of Canada.

The militia affairs of Canada are administered by a Militia Council, Headquarters Staff, and District Staffs and Commands, all having their respective and responsible duties. Major-General Sir Percy H. N. Lake, K.C.M.G., C.B., Inspector General, is the Chief Officer of the Canadian militia, and the present members of the Militia Council are, Sir Frederick Borden, Minister of Militia, who is the president; Colonel E. Fiset, D.S.O., Deputy Minister of Militia and Defence, who is vice-president; the first military member, Brigadier-General W. D. Otter, C.B., chief of the general staff; the second military member, Colonel L. F. Lessard, C.B., adjutant general; the third military member, Brigadier-General D. A. Macdonald, C.M.G., quarter-master general; the fourth military member, Colonel R. W. Rutherford, master-general of the ordinance, while the finance member is J. W. Borden, accountant and pay-master. The inspector general and chief military adviser to the Minister of Militia is an ex-officio member of the council, while E. F. Jarvis, assistant deputy, is secretary.

The Headquarters Staff is composed of: Col. W. G. Goratkin, director of staff duties; Major D. I. V. Eaton, director of training; Major P. E. Thacker, assistant adjutant-general; Major C. F. Winter, deputy assistant adjutant-general; Maj. R. A. Helmer, assistant adjutant-general for musketry; Lt.-Col. G. C. Jones, director-general of medical services; Lt.-Col. R. K. Scott, D.S.O., director of clothing and equipment; Lt.-Col. J. Lyons Riggall, director of transport and supply; Major H. C. Thacker, director of artillery; Major G. S. Mainsell, director of engineer services; Capt. M.



COL. F. L. LESSARD, C.B.
Member Militia Council

St. L. Simon, assistant director of engineer services; Capt. G. B. Wright, assistant director of surveys.

The functions of the Militia Council are largely of the nature of an advisory and administrative board summoned together by the Minister to enable him to arrive at decisions as to broader questions of military policy. At the same time the whole executive work of the Militia Department is distributed amongst the members of the Council, each member being in charge of a particular branch and responsible to the Minister for its proper discharge. The Militia Council constitutes, what, in an incorporated company or banking institution, would be a board of directors. The services, which the members perform, are, in a military sense, similar to those rendered by an average board in any industrial or commercial undertaking. The Inspector-General performs all the duties formerly discharged by the General Officer Commanding the Militia, with the exception of that of executive command. This now rests with officers commanding military districts, who are responsible to Council for the way in which

they carry out these duties. The Inspector-General is charged with the duty of inspecting the militia forces of the country and seeing that they are properly equipped in accordance with the instructions of the Militia Council.

The duties of the Headquarters Staff comprise those connected with the administration, training, equipment and organization of the troops. Upon the organization, a few years ago, of the Militia Council and the Staff at Headquarters, the system of staff work was changed to commands and districts. The work is performed upon a system almost identical with that pursued in the Imperial Army in its general lines and scope, the only difference being such as is due to the comparative smallness of the Canadian force.

The latest move on the part of Canada is joining in the Imperial General Staff scheme. While the Dominion has accepted the plan laid down, with certain reservations, notably not to give full control of the chief of the local section to the general staff, the outline of the new general defence



BRIG.-GENERAL D. A. MACDONALD,
C.M.G., I.S.O.
Member Militia Council

proposition, which has been submitted to the colonies for consideration by the British Government and is the outcome of a resolution passed at the Imperial Conference in 1907, is briefly:—

The necessity for the maintenance of sea supremacy, which alone can ensure active military co-operation at all; the desirability of a certain broad plan of military organization for the Empire; the division of the armed forces of the Empire into two parts, the first having local defence as its function, the second designed for the service of the Empire as a whole; The formation of a general staff is also urged, the members of which shall have substantially the same education, preferably at the staff college at Camberley, England. The general staff, it is pointed out, must be an entity throughout the Empire and to make it so its members should be uniformly trained in principles and practice in one school under one head. Interchange of staff officers is recommended and periodical general conference,

as well as a uniformity in the regulations and training of all military units in the army of the Empire.

Sir Frederick Borden has pointed out, that, while the Canadian Government could give a general adherence to the plan of Imperial defence, and while local officers might keep in close communication with the Chief of the General Staff, they could not receive orders from him; that while local officers may advise the Imperial Government, yet when their advice is not accepted, it will be their duty to carry out what their respective Governments may order. The Canadian members of the Imperial General Staff will in all likelihood be: Brig. Gen. W. D. Otter, chief of the general staff; Brev.-Col. W. G. Grenkin, director of operations and staff duties; Major D. I. V. Eaton, R.C.A., director of training; Brev.-Col. E. T. Taylor, commandant Royal Military College, Kingston, and Major A. H. Macdonell, D.S.O., D.A.Q.M.G., Halifax.

Veregin, Tamer of Doukhobors

By GEORGE H. BRAGDON.

From the New York Post Magazine.

"PETER VEREGIN: AN APPRECIATION." This is not the title of a book recently published by the Government of Canada, but it might have been. It is a recent publication of the Dominion Interior Department, which apparently tries to hide the true identity of the work by labeling it simply as an "annual report."

The report is devoted to a consideration of the Doukhobors, the peculiar sect of Russian Quakers who, to the number of nearly 10,000, sought an asylum in northwest Canada about ten years ago. There the odd ways and the fanatical practices of some of their number made them the target of hostile criticism, and the impression has gotten abroad that "government" is deriding ways and means of getting rid of the Doukhobor strangers within Canada's gates.

That this impression is without foundation is made clear in the Interior Department's report. Far from regarding the "Douks" as a thorn in Canada's side, the Interior Department, after a careful investigation, comes out strongly in their defence. They are classed among the best farmers of the Canadian Northwest, and it is asserted that none of their neighbors, including the big American contingent, surpasses them in industry, frugality, thrift, and general desirability as settlers.

After thus putting an official approval on the Doukhobors in general, the Interior Department officials singled out one member of the sect as being particularly responsible for the

prosperity and good order that prevails in "The Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood," as the Doukhobors call themselves—one Nastasia Vereguine, known to his own people as "Father" Vereguine, and to the English-speaking residents of Canada as Peter Veregin. In 1868, when the vanguard of the Doukhobor exodus reached Canada, Vereguine was serving a life sentence in the mines of Siberia. As the leader of a sect that absolutely refused to do military duty, he had fallen under the ban of the Czar's government, and his exile to Siberia followed. Four years after the Doukhobors arrived in Canada, the English and American philanthropists, who, with the help of Count Tolstoy, were instrumental in bringing about the removal of the Doukhobors from Russia, were able to secure a pardon for Vereguine on condition that he would leave Russia forever, and, early in 1902, he joined his people in Canada.

At the time of his arrival, the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, deprived of its real leader, had fallen under the evil influences of a small coterie of fanatics. The great body of the community members had given up practically all idea of trying to attain material well-being in this life and were mainly concerned in securing a part in the distribution of favors in the life to come. They neglected to till their fields, and the stock that had been provided for them when they entered Canada was turned loose to run at large over the country. As for themselves, they

Wasted Energy

REMEMBER that "the mill will never grind with the water that has passed." You start out in life with a certain amount of energy; you can use it for farming, teaching, practicing law or medicine, or selling goods. If, however, you allow a multitude of little leaks in your reservoir to drain off your supply, you will be surprised at the small amount of water which runs over the wheel to turn life's machinery, — to actually do life's work.

threw off their clothes, men and women alike, and went forth to meet the Messiah, through the biting cold of winter and the terrific heat of summer.

At one time practically the entire force of the Northwest mounted police was on duty on the Doukhobor "reservation" to keep the members from wandering too far afield in their religious frenzy and perishing. Aside from the efforts that Canada was forced to make to keep the stranger-people in order, it was costing her no inconsiderable sum to keep them from starving or freezing to death. The British Government was appealed to in an effort to bring about the return of the undesirable fanatics to Russia.

Vereguine arrived from Siberia just at this time, and the effect was immediate. With the prestige of his old leadership behind him, he swept the fanatical element out of power. The total acreage that the community sowed to wheat and flax that spring was fully 100 per cent. greater than in any previous year.

As indicated by the name, the Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, the Doukhobors comprise a communistic organization. Of course, Father Vereguine found the community plan in full operation when he joined his brethren in Western Canada. He at once saw, however, that the community was handicapped in its commercial relations with outsiders by the lack of machinery for doing business, and he formed the Doukhobor Trading Company, which is incorporated under the Dominion laws. It is through this company that the Doukhobor community carries on all its outside business, marketing what it raises of grain and other produce, buying supplies and stock, and other things for consumption, and arranging for the employment of its surplus labor. As head of this company, Father Vereguine represents his brethren in all business transactions, which involve considerably more than \$1,000,000 every year.

In addition to enjoying the confi-

dence of his co-religionists, Father Vereguine stands well with the authorities, as is made very clear in the report of the Interior Department. The Department officials give him full credit for the remarkable progress of his people. Officials have named the largest Doukhobor centre of population "Veregin" after him.

A college professor from one of the Western State universities spent a summer among the Doukhobors a few years ago, and on his return to the United States pronounced Father Vereguine the best example of the benevolent despot in the world to-day, sorer than slaves. The only trouble is, they do not know it. They have voluntarily put a tremendous power in the hands of that quiet-spoken leader of theirs, and he wields it like a despot. Yet I defy any man to show a single instance where he has abused the trust imposed on him.

"Father Vereguine has simply to say to this man, Do this, and he does it, and to that man, Go there, and he goes forthwith. Barring the direct power of life or death, the Doukhobor leader has every power that was ever put in the hand of a despot.

"By virtue of his marked intellectual superiority over his brethren, Father Vereguine holds this despotic sway over 10,000 souls. But his leadership is moral and spiritual, rather than physical. He rules them because his mind is superior to any other mind in the community. The average Doukhobor is a dull, stolid fellow, with just intelligence enough to recognize the superior mental equipment with which his leader has been endowed. Vereguine is looked up to as a superior being, and his very will is law."

Father Vereguine is a born leader of men, but he does not look the part. Soft-spoken and rather diffident in the presence of strangers, he has the air of a man whose aim in life is to minister to the spiritual needs of his fellow-men. He is the head elder in the Universal Brotherhood, has the management of its worldly affairs, and is the authority of the

brethren in all spiritual matters. The Christian Community of the Universal Brotherhood, is a communistic undertaking, in the strictest sense of the word, in that everything outside of personal belongings is held in common. The community members are all on an equal footing, and universal suffrage prevails among men and women alike. The earnings of all go into the common treasury, and this common fund is drawn on to purchase supplies of food and clothing and the other commodities that the brotherhood needs. Horses, cattle, sheep, and farming implements are all purchased out of this common fund.

The direction of all community affairs is vested in a sort of committee, made up of two men and a woman from each of the forty-eight villages or population centres. As chairman of this committee, Father Vereguine leads the way, and the other members do little else than give official sanction to the proposals that he makes.

Agents of the Doukhobor Trading Company visit Winnipeg every spring and fall to do the buying for the community, at wholesale and for cash, saving fully 25 per cent. On some of these shopping expeditions the Doukhobor buyers have been known to spend from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

The telephone system, by the way, came within an ace of wrecking the community inconspicuously. But Father Vereguine, by his prestige and his quick wit, managed to avert the calamity, and at the same time to make a beginning at installing a complete telephone system.

For several years he had it in mind to connect the forty-eight villages of the Doukhobor community by both wire and rail. He anticipated a certain amount of opposition to his pet projects. The average Doukhobor will do almost anything before he will set himself up in opposition to Father Vereguine, but the idea of holding a conversation with a person miles away through a wire strung across the prairies had a suggestion of secrecy in it that simply frightened the stolid Doukhobor out of his normal

self, and Father Vereguine had a rebellion on his hands.

It was the first serious show of resistance that the community had ever made to his authority. Followed by a crowd of the malcontents, he sauntered slowly down the street to where one of the "devil talking boxes" had been installed and got into communication with the Winnipeg office of one of the big Canadian railroad companies. Inside of five minutes he had arranged to take a big contract for grading on one of the new railroad lines then in progress of construction. Negotiations for this contract had been in progress all winter, and the railroad officials had practically awarded the contract to the brotherhood, but the brethren did not know anything about that. Father Vereguine gave them visible and audible demonstration of the uses of the "devil talking box" in getting work for the community. Up to that time the prospect for work for the coming season had been very poor, and in their joy over landing this contract the Doukhobors forgot about their being in a state of rebellion and Father Vereguine, being wise in his own generation, pretended to do likewise.

Father Vereguine has planned the construction of a narrow-gauge railroad to connect all the villages, and work on the new line has already begun.

A community brick and tile plant installed at the beginning of the Vereguine regime has proved a constant source of income for the community in general. The plant has also made possible the erection of substantial homes for the individual members. Furthermore, an elevator system has been put into operation and granaries have been erected, with a total capacity sufficient to hold every bushel of wheat and flax the community can raise. One of the secrets of Doukhobor prosperity is that the community has learned to "hold" its grain in these days of better than "dollar wheat," and all through Father Vereguine.

The Scenery of the Train

From The Spectator.

STEVENSON knew the fascination of watching country scenery from the train. He has written of it in "A Child's Garden of Verses," "The train stands still; the country rushes past:—"

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, belds and ditches,
And charging along like troops in a
battle,
All through the meadows the horses
and cattle:

All of the sights of the hill and the
plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

The child's face is against the glass:
Other children scramble and play in the
fields below him:—

Here is a cart run away in the road
Lunging along with man and load:
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!

The child, perhaps, may stand by the carriage-door. Other, older people, to enjoy watching the scenery properly, need first a corner-seat. It should be a seat with other advantages. It should be as comfortable as possible; it should be on the sunny side of the carriage in winter, and the shaded side in summer, and it is best facing the engine; then you can see what is coming, rather than what is going. But it must be a corner-seat first and foremost; and having secured it, he who knows how to travel well is filled with an idle content. The level train glides on; the miles unfold themselves; fields and woods and mountains spread themselves in the sunlight and are gone.

You cannot get at the best of all scenery from the railway. The cities and villages deny themselves. No charming country village sets itself about a railway station; no great city was built to be seen by railway travelers. With the road it is different. Architects plan buildings to be looked at from the road; even those who lay out the quietest gardens may think how the road should be joined by the carriage-drive. The gates may be as handsome as the house itself beyond. But nobody ever plans scenery for the railway traveler; nobody ever gives the railway a picture. Look at the different approaches, by railway and by road, to such a place as Oxford. Almost from any direction by road the buildings group themselves with a purpose; but choose to come into the High Street over Magdalen Bridge, with the sparkle of the Cherwell under the pollards below, and the slender grace of the tower above the bridge; the domes and spires and noble spaces move one by one into the picture; you see it all best from the road. Then travel to Oxford by train. The station merges its bricks and its noise into narrow streets and rows of insignificant houses; beyond, in the distance, the spires and towers set themselves along the skyline, but it is the unlively foreground which insists. Of the city itself, and the graces of its gay stone, its ordered age and its noble trees, you will see nothing whatever.

But the country, and especially the deepest country of all, shows itself to the traveler by train without reserve. You may even come to that pleasant-

est sense of enjoying scenery, the sense of being shown wide and shining visions from privileged places, of being allowed to share in a secret, of seeing without being seen. Perhaps that sense comes clearest on the longest journeys; it is the longest journeys which lead through the wildest country, and only in the level, uninterrupted traveling that runs through day and night that you may see so silent and gradual a thing as the dawn lighting successive miles of moor and hill. That is one of the finest realizations of distance and change of scene that a traveler can experience, to wake and watch the dawn break over new country; as he may watch it, for instance, on one of the great railways running north from London. The warm, well-lighted train moves slowly out from the London platform away into the English night; the lucky voyager sleeps, and wakes to hear the smoke-gris rattling like hail upon the carriage-roof, and the engine settled down to a steady snore pushing mile after mile into the dark. There is a colder intake of the air at the opened window; the North breathes a wind that has touched ice. But it is a morning wind; there is a sense of light about the contours of the nearer inland against the sky. You are running through the kindly, gentle slopes of the Scottish Lowlands; the skyline undulates across the carriage window; the shapes of dusky, rounded hills rise and fall. The light grows and spreads, Lowlands change to Highlands, the sun shines out over brown and purple plough and Eastern sea-water, and then, entering the great gray-slate city of the North, you may realize again how little a town will let the railway see of her. Beyond the town, perhaps, the railway runs through deep country again; possibly by the banks of a salmon-river, through pine-woods stretching down to the water, by level green fields and under the broken scarp of a hill. A fisherman scans every yard of that water—here, where it races rippling

over stones; there, where a dark pool swells and eddies; there, again, where a jutting rock catches and turns the current, and he may imagine the gray, ghostlike forms of noble fish lying afloat to the drive of the water. There, over that ripple, his Gordon should fall, and there, to that easy, level slide of glassy black the current should take it, and there, in the fall of the slide and the edge of the ripple, the line should tighten, the rod-top should dip, the bending wood should tug again.

A train journey shows flowers as the walker on country roads cannot see them; and there is a new introduction, too, for most people to the life of many birds and beasts too shy of approaching man but fearless of the rush and roar of the railway. Rabbits on the slope of a railway cutting will let an express train thunder past their tails a yard or two away without a twitch of the ear; a man a hundred yards down the line would have sent the white scuts flickering to cover. Partridges care nothing for the shaking and shrieking of a heavy train potting on brakes on an embankment; and the writer once saw a Soemmering's pheasant, which you would suppose could have had little time to accustom itself to English railroads, pecking unconcernedly in a primrose cove close under the rails of a branch line in Surrey. Nothing more brilliant than the glowing scarlet of the bird's neck and shoulder against the pale flowers could be seen in an English wood. There are even birds which seem to prefer railway banks to other places. Swallows and martins, of course, love to flock about telegraph wires in the autumn, but they are scared to sudden chattering and flightings by an oncoming train. But there is a bird—the red-backed shrike—which regards railway-lines and telegraph wires as erected for his peculiar benefit. He nests in scrubby thorn under the telegraph poles, and on the wires he sits and surveys a weaker, gentler world of nestlings and edible beetles.

A Dog in the Pulpit

By COULSON KERNAHAN

From Chambers's Journal

THOUGH we choose our own politics we cannot always choose the company which our politics make it necessary for us to keep. I had promised to address a meeting in a certain village, and was informed by the organiser that, as there was no possibility of my getting back to town that night, Mr. and Mrs. H., prominent local supporters of the cause, would be pleased to afford me hospitality. Much public speaking about the country has long since convinced me that it is wiser to face the known discomforts of an inferior hotel than the unknown possibilities which may await one even in a princely private house. At the hotel a tired public speaker or lecturer is at least at liberty to please himself. In a private house he has to please and to consider his host and hostess, and is sometimes expected in spite of tingling nerves and flagging energies, to talk brilliantly, and to entertain a large company when all his longings are set upon quiet and a pipe.

Hence I wrote to the local secretary, telling him according to the formula I have adopted for such occasions, that circumstances so often render it necessary that I catch an early train in the morning after addressing a meeting, that I make it a rule to stay at hotels rather than at private houses, where an early breakfast and departure might inconvenience my hostess.

He replied hoping that I would see my way to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H.; and as, reading between the lines of his letter, I gathered that

these worthy people are so good as to suppose that the chief speaker at a meeting is a person of importance—some measure of which is reflected upon his entertainers—and might take offence were I to refuse, I made no further to-do about the matter, but wrote accepting their invitation.

The result was not a success. Though the dinner, the wines, the flowers, and the silver were sumptuous, my host was offensively familiar, and the conversation of my hostess stilted and artificial. The talk consisted chiefly of scandal, which I abhor, if for no other reason than that one knows that the folk who scandalise their neighbors when in your own company will inevitably spread slanders abroad about yourself as soon as your back is turned. Bored and weary, I leaned back in my chair and let a listless hand drop to my side, when suddenly from somewhere under the table a wet nose snuggled itself affectionately against my fist, and the next moment a warm, hairy wedge butted itself between my closed fingers.

It was the Irish terrier of the establishment. He had slipped into the room unseen; and after the flushed, assertive face of my host, the hard mouth, the gleam eyes, lined and glittering, of my hostess, a look into the honest hazel dog-eyes that met mine so trustfully and truthfully seemed to straighten out my world for me, and I felt as one might feel who after groping his way among sliding quicksands finds firm ground under his feet again. Small wonder that a cynic

once said that the more he saw of men and women the more he loved dogs and horses. As I thumped my dumb friend's shaggy sounding sides, scratched at the ear that was cocked and, inclined invitingly towards my hand, and nibbled as it were with my finger-tips at the close hair upon his pleased and insistent crown, the honesty of his undisguised happiness in thus being caressed, and the hard-drawn breathing which betokens a dog's enjoyment and gratitude just as surely as purring betokens a cat's, were—after the shams, scandalisings, and insincerities to which I had been listening—as refreshing as a breath of pure air in the feld atmosphere. A dog—a dumb animal—had renewed faith and hope within me, and had made sweet and endurable a world of which had it been peopled entirely by such folk as those in whose company I found myself, I was disposed to be sickened and despairing.

George Eliot says somewhere that many men are kinder to the very dumb animals of their household than they are to the women who love them; and adds cruelly, "Is it because the animals are dumb?" Fear of my own womanhood, to say nothing of Sufra-geettes, prevents me from attempting to answer that question; but in regard to my dog I am by no means sure that he and I would get on any better could he answer back. When he and I fall out, when he misbehaves in some way and I have cause to punish him—and myself in doing so—and he turns a reproachful eye upon me, my anger passes. Sometimes even I am rebuked. Perhaps had he flung a reproachful word at me the feud between us might have been fed by a new fuel, and his and my wrath blazed anew. But that dumb, appealing look I cannot resist. It seems to say, "What I have done amiss I do not know. If I did, I would try to mend it, for I love you, and have no wish but to please you. Perhaps sometimes you unintentionally displease your Master, God; but He is an easier Master

than you, for He always knows His own mind, besides which He forgives you a great many worse sins and a great many more times than you ever forgive me. If you are sorry, you can say so in so many words, but I can't and since neither to dog nor to master has been given the power to make known to the other his exact wishes in words, be as patient as you can with a poor little dog who is doing his poor little best."

To me there is something pathetic in the thought of a dog's confidence in and dependence upon the whims and upon the care of a master by nature careless or forgetful. In their wile state, God's creatures can generally shift for themselves; but to prison a bird in a cage, to chain a dog to a kennel, or even to shut him in a room, and perhaps in the enjoyment of our own freedom, the pursuit of our own pleasure, or the following of our own convenience, to forget that the faithful fretting and pining of the dog for his master are making every moment that passes a tiny martyrdom, and that the bird is suffering the pangs of hunger or the tortures of thirst, is to be guilty of a cruelty not easily to be forgiven.

It is for this reason, perhaps, that I can never see a dog gnawing at a bone without some sense of pity. There is a certain rugged and noble independence in the fearless feeding for themselves of wild beasts and birds in the open; and to see them devouring prey of their own hunting arouses in me no sense of pity other than for the quarry. Even the sight of innocent and harmless sheep or cattle browsing peacefully in a meadow—idyllic as is the picture they make, and destined as I may know them to be for the slaughter-house—does not appeal in so near and so intimate a way to me as does the sight of my dog, his whole length prone upon the ground, his outstretched forepaws clasped upon the bone as eagerly as a miser clutches his gold, and the very dog-soul of him as intent upon his task as if life itself depended upon his finding some

shred of gristle, some morsel of meat, upon a knuckle-end that his teeth have already scraped and planned to the whiteness and cleanliness of polished ivory. Perhaps it is that seeing him thus—his jaws distended to the point of dislocation in an impotent effort to compass the circumference of a huge shin-bone, or else making of the same jaws a pair of nut-crackers to scrunch wickedly at some marrow-end hard enough, one would think, to splinter every tooth in his head, reminds me of the way in which we human beings strain every nerve, break our hearts almost, to compass some trivial end, some twopenny triumph as barren of any ultimate result to ourselves or to others as the dog's gnawing and worrying of the meatless bone.

When my dog looks full at me, eagerly alive and alert to read by the signs of my face whether I am contemplating a walk or a romp, I am not conscious of this pathos of which I have spoken. But when, while he is busy with a bone, or while lying with head upon his paws by the fire, he turns upon me, upward or sideways, and slowly, the white edge of a watchful eye, I am strangely reminded of the melancholy which one sees, or fancies one sees, in some Oriental face. The sadness of the East is there, either in reality or in my imagination. By ancestry he may be Scotch, and consequently he is by creed, I suppose, a Presbyterian; but I suspect sometimes that the breed came originally from Persia, for by conviction he is unquestionably a fire-worshipper. To say that he is a fire-fearing dog in the sense in which we speak of a God-fearing man sounds like profanity; but it is a fact that fire seems to inspire him not only with fear but with something like awe. The fear—he will stop dead-short, even as his jaws are in the act of closing upon a *bonne bouche*, to turn a sideways suspicious eye upon the fire—is easily explainable. But his awe comes perhaps of the fact that, looking at the fire, he may realize the existence of

some power outside himself, and outside his comprehension, about which he wonders as we mortals wonder about God, asking himself what manner of power this can be which now invites him to creep nearer that he may comfort and cheer himself in its kindly warmth, and now strikes suddenly at him to blister and burn with falling coal or darting spark. If even to us men and women that ethereal, elusive, unsubstantial element which we call fire, and which so few of us, for all our science, really understand, is the acknowledged symbol of what is spiritual, and is constantly so used in the Scriptures, surely to a dog's intelligence fire must be even more awful and incomprehensible. Other life-things—a bluebottle on a window-pane, a rat running along the road, an elephant in a circus, or a man sitting in a chair—have some relation to the dog's self. He can snap his jaws at the bluebottle, hunt down and kill the rat, bark at or run away from the elephant, and obey the man. But fire is something different from all these; it is life without body, and hence comes his fear and his awe. As he sits by the fender, his eye held by the fire as the eye of a fascinated bird is held by a serpent, I ask myself of what it is he thinks. Into most of his self-communings I can follow him, but here I lose touch. As a child may flick a toy balloon, first to the right and then to the left, by the touch of a fingertip, and then suddenly find the obedient slave and plaything elude the grasping finger like a live thing and be whirled aloft by the wind and out of sight, so, as my dog sits before the fire, his soul seems to slip the cable which bound him to me, and to lose itself in depths and distances whither I cannot track him. Perhaps, as he looks into that fire, the spirit of wonder, which is at the root of all religion and all worship, is awakening within him. Perhaps he is thinking such thoughts as arose in the soul of Moses when he gazed upon the burning bush and knew it for the manifestation of God. Perhaps even his

dog-soul dimly apprehends that I—who seem to be the arbiter and end of his being, and to whom is entrusted the power of life and of death—am after all only his master, not his maker; am only an animal, and mortal like himself, and so somewhere in his dog-soul awakens some dim idea of a God.

This is, of course, the idle and possibly foolish fancy of a dreamer; but of one thing I am at least certain, and that is if my dog knows, or at all events acknowledges, no higher power than I, I am in a sense God's deputy in regard to him. If, therefore, I do anything to soil or to destroy my dog's beautiful and sacred confidence in me, I am in act an atheist, a destroyer of trust, and am loosening the golden chain of love that it is God's

will should bind and shall one day bind the whole creation—God to His creature man, man to his dumb friends and fellow-sharers of this wonderful gift of life—in the beautiful bonds of mutual confidence and love.

For that reason, in all my dealings with my dog I try to be honest and to be just. I make him no promise that I do not fulfil, and if I have reason to be angry with him or to punish him, I am wary and alert lest Temper snatch the whip out of the hand of Justice, and I fall under the reproach of good old Sir Thomas Browne who said that he would give nothing for the Christianity of the man or woman whose very cat and dog were not the better for it.

Never Stop Trying

THE lesson for the young man is this: As long as you have the health, and have the power to do, go ahead; if you fail at one thing try another, and a third—a dozen even. Look at the spider; nineteen times it tried to throw out its web to its place of attachment, and on the twentieth succeeded. The young man who has the gift of continuance is the one whose foot will be able to breast the angry waters of human discouragement. —*Graphic*.

Emigrants Americanizing Europe

By EDWARD A. STEINER

From Review of Reviews

IT has often been the voluntary and interesting task of the writer to follow the westward stream of emigration across the sea and along the different channels which reach our economic, social, and political life. Everywhere he has found that the fear of this unknown mass has given place to a more or less intelligent interest in it, and the emphasis to-day is not so much upon our problem as upon our opportunity. The less developed and the more uncultured this mass of immigrants, moreover, the greater is our opportunity, the less difficult is our problem.

The immigrant of the last fifteen or twenty years, it may truly be said, has not influenced our social life to any marked degree. The cosmopolitan character of our cities, even, is due, not so much to the presence of the immigrant as to the effect which European life has had upon that vast number of our countrymen, for whom a journey to the Old World forms part of the annual program. The foreign restaurants and "rathskellers" on this side the Atlantic, with their effect upon the eating and drinking habits of our people, were not established for the immigrant, but for the American people, who are certainly their most numerous and profitable customers.

On the other hand, our influence upon the cruder class of immigrants has been exceedingly marked, and when, in the year 1907, nearly 800,000 of them returned to their native countries, it became an interesting

question to what degree they would influence those lands to which they returned.

Some observers of this rather remarkable phenomenon, which occurred at the time of a great business depression, have been content to record only the sums of money suddenly withdrawn from our markets. The purpose of the writer, however, in following this stream eastward, was to ascertain how the peasant countries, notably in the east of Europe, have been affected by this sudden influx of numbers of those who for years have been in touch with a life which, in many respects, was the antithesis of that which they had left.

It was this question which lured the writer across the sea, and the first phenomenon which he observed was the fact that there is not a town or village of any size between Naples in Italy and Warsaw in Russia—the field of his observations,—to which a larger or smaller group of emigrants had not returned.

It did not take much investigation to discover this; for invariably there was a visible contrast between those who had migrated and returned home. This was most strikingly illustrated where the cultural development had been at its lowest, and where church and state had done least for the masses. Another remarkable phenomenon, yet one at second thought easily explained, is this: The returned emigrant purposely emphasizes the difference between himself and those who remain at home. He does everything

and wears everything which will make him like an American, even if, while in the United States, he had scarcely moved out of his group or come in touch with our civilization. The men wear with pride our clothing, including ties and stiff collars, and when one is in doubt as to a man's relation to our life a glance at his feet is sufficient; "for by their,"—shoes,—"ye shall know them."

While one may deplore the loss of the picturesque in the peasant life of Europe, there is an ethical significance in their American garments which is really of vital importance.

The Polish peasant in his native environment is one of the laziest among European laborers. Wrapped in his sheepskin coat, summer and winter, walking barefoot the greater part of the year, and in winter putting his feet into clumsy, heavy boots which impeded his progress, he wore garments that fitted his temper. They were heavy, inexpensive, never changing, and rarely needed renewal. The American clothes he wears after being in this country are a symbol of his changed character. They mean a new standard of living, even as they mean a new standard of effort.

In America the Polish laborer has lost his native laziness. The journey in itself has shaken him out of his lethargy, the high gearing of our industrial wheels, the pressure brought to bear upon him by the American foreman, the general atmosphere of our life charged with an invigorating ozone, and the absence of a leisure class, at least from the industrial community, have, in a few years, changed what many observers regarded as a fixed characteristic.

The Slavs and Latins are inclined to lead an easy life, and emigration is destined to have a permanent effect upon them; for the returned emigrant acts contagiously upon his community. Unbiased land-owners and manufacturers have told the writer that we have trained their workmen in industry, that we have quickened their wits, and that while wages have risen near-

ly 60 per cent in almost all departments of labor, the efficiency of the laborers has been correspondingly increased, most noticeably where the largest number of returned emigrants has entered the home field.

The Slavic peasants, both in Hungary and in Poland, were gradually losing their allotted land, and were socially and physically deteriorating prior to the movement to America. Indolence added to intemperance drove them into the hands of usurers, and they dropped into the landless class; thus becoming dependent upon casual labor.

The returned emigrant began to buy land which the large land-owners were often forced to sell; because wages had risen abnormally and laborers were often not to be had at any price. In the four years between 1899 and 1903, the land owned by peasants increased in some districts as much as 218 per cent., and taking the immigrant districts in Austro-Hungary and Russian-Poland together, the increase in four years reached the almost incredible figures of 173 per cent.

In three districts of Russian-Poland the peasants bought in those four years 14,694 acres of farm land. This, of course, means not only that money brought back from America, but that the peasant at home has become more industrious, if not always more temperate and frugal.

The little village of Kochnowice, in the district of Tenczin, in Hungary, out of which but few had emigrated to America, and to which only a few families had returned, has under this new economic impulse, bought the land on which the villagers' forefathers were serfs and on which they had worked during the harvest for 20 cents a day.

The villagers bought the whole baronial estate, including the castle, giving a mortgage for the largest part of the purchase sum; but they are now the owners of one of the finest estates in Hungary, and the mortgage drives them to work as they have never

worked before. This same impulse has trucked the district of Nyitra, in which the land had almost gone out of the hands of the peasants; lost by the same causes, intemperance and indolence.

In the last five years the change has been so great as to seem incredible. Usurers have been driven out of business and the peasant's house has ceased to be a mud hut with a straw-thatched roof. In fact, that type of building has been condemned by law, at the initiative of returned emigrants.

The shop-keepers throughout the whole emigrant territory rejoice. Their stock is increased by many varieties of goods. The peasant now wants the best there is in the market, often useless luxuries, to be sure; but while he may spend money "for that which is not bread," he wants to spend, and that means effort. As a race the Slavs need nothing more than this for their social and political salvation.

Their advance is strikingly illustrated by the following examples: The B—— Brothers are manufacturers of neckties, in Vienna. On a recent visit to their establishment I met some buyers from Hungary, one of whom, when the salesman showed him the class of goods which he had been in the habit of buying, highly colored, stiff bows of cheap cotton, said: "We have no use for such stuff. This is the tie we use"; and he pulled out an American tie of rather fine quality and the latest pattern. The writer had to promise the head of the firm of B—— Brothers to put him in touch with an American haberdasher's journal, so that he may keep himself informed as to our styles.

Still within the sphere of the economic, and yet having large ethical value, is the fact that the returned emigrant brings gold, not only in his pocket, but in his teeth. I certainly never realized the far-reaching social and ethical value of the dentist until I saw the contrast between the returned emigrant, especially between

his wife and daughter and the women who had remained at home.

The emigrant woman has discovered that gold in the teeth keeps one young, that it preserves one's charms, and is apt to keep lovers and husbands more loyal. Housekeepers in America know readily these foreign servants sacrifice their wages upon the altar of the dentist.

Not only does dentistry keep the women young and their lovers faithful, it also keeps the men in good health and adds to their self-respect, while into regions hitherto untouched by their beneficent ministry, it has introduced toothbrushes and dentifrices.

If the returned emigrant can be easily recognized by his shoes and by the gold in his teeth, his residence can be quickly discovered by the fact that day and night his house is blessed by fresh air; and perhaps more significant to the world's well-being than the American economic doctrine of the "Open Door," is the American physiological doctrine of the open window.

Pastor Holubek, of Bosace, in Hungary, when I asked him what effect the returned emigrant had upon his parish, said: "A good effect. The returned emigrant is a new man. He carries himself differently, he treats his wife better, and he keeps the windows of his house open." The last two facts are exceedingly important, and my observations bear out his testimony. Wherever I discovered an open window, in the evening, I could with perfect assurance open the door and say: "How do you do?" And I was sure to be greeted by a still more enthusiastic and cordial, "How do you do?"

For some inexplicable reason, Europeans of all classes are averse to air in sleeping rooms, especially at night. Night air is supposed to hold all sorts of evils, and even the medical profession, progressive as it is, has not yet freed itself from this superstition.

Frequently I have discovered in the returned emigrant a quickening of the moral sense, especially among the men who had come in contact with the

better class of American mechanics, and the discovery was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was on a Sunday's journey among the villages of the valley of the Waag. Picturesque groups were moving along the highway to and from the church and into the village and out of it. The appearance of my companions and myself always created a great sensation, and never a greater one than on Sunday, when the peasants were at leisure. They took it as a special privilege to see "genuine Americans," and those who had been over here were quickly on the scene to air their English and to show their familiarity with our kind. It was a reciprocal pleasure; for it seemed like a breath from home to hear men talk intelligently of Hazleton, Pittsburgh, Scranton, and Wilkes-Barre; moreover, it gave us a splendid opportunity to test the influence of our civilization upon them.

In one village a man and wife and two children came out of their home, and we could almost imagine ourselves in America; for the whole family looked as if it had just come from a grand bargain sale at one of our department stores. What seemed most delightful to us was the way in which the man spoke of his wife, and no American husband could have been more careful of her than he was; he, all this in striking contrast to the peasants

with whom the woman is still an inferior being.

In conversation with them I took the returned emigrant as my text, and told them something of our own social order as shown in the relation of husband and wife in America; upon which one of the peasants told a very ugly and realistic story to illustrate what he thought of women. Then it was that the unexpected happened. My emigrant friend blushed,—yes, blushed,—and said: "Don't mind him. He has a dirty mouth. He may, after all, have a clean heart." The man who blushed had been five years in—Pittsburg.

So far as my observation goes, I feel certain that emigration has been of inestimable value, economical and ethical, to the three great monarchies chiefly concerned, namely: Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. It has withdrawn efficient labor, and has returned some of it capable of more and better work. It has lifted the status of the peasantry to a degree which could not have been achieved even by a revolution. It has educated its neglected masses, has lifted them to a higher standard of living, and has implanted new and vital ideals. So far as the emigrant himself as a person is concerned, I have not seen one who, if he escaped the dangers of our industrial activity, has not been bettered by his contact with us.

Three Things Necessary

HERE are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper and time. Unless a man knows what he is going about, he is liable to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right course. If he wants temper, he will be sure not to want trouble. It must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. —*Feltbaw.*

The Relaxations of Business Man

By A. BARTON HEPBURN
From The Century Magazine

DOES the pursuit of wealth ent the American man of business off from the old-fashioned reliab of books and society? In other words, is he paying too big or disproportionate a price in time and strength for wealth and commercial prominence? My answer would be: Yes, beyond question.

America possesses comparatively few old families whose established fortunes permit the choice of vocation and a judicious division of energies, devoting perhaps the major portion to business pursuits, but reserving sufficient time and strength for the development of the higher ideals of life. Family history in America has been pitifully described as "from shirt-sleeves in shirt-sleeves in three generations." The fortune that results from the frugality, sobriety, and intelligent application of the father may be preserved, possibly added to, by the son, but the next generation enjoys—recklessly, perhaps,—and the next squanders, so that the third generation is forced again into the ranks of bread earners.

This may result largely from our newness as a nation and from the ease with which fortunes are made. Age may modify somewhat, but in the absence of right of primogeniture and a law of entail, abnormal accumulations of wealth are bound to find general distribution in a limited period of time. Pinned with poverty at the inception of one's career, habits of thrift and economy become ingrained,—a second nature,—and are a controlling influence through life. Others,

to whom a reasonable start in life is given, find it difficult to retire from business even when ample fortune crowns their efforts. Retiring is difficult largely because there is no inviting field for them to enter. We have no leisure class devoted to the general purposes of life, whose ranks open invitingly and furnish a proper goal to the business man's ambition. With us leisure is called loafing, and a man out of business is not only out of his element, but he is out of countenance with current events. Life not only ceases to be a factor in business, but suffers depreciation in popular estimation, unless he occupies his time in some form of public service.

Commerce rules the world. Nations no longer fight for territory, but contend for markets. The virile force in the governments of the great nations is recruited largely from the ranks of commerce; its growing power tends to hold men longer in its leash. The heads of our large financial institutions and transportation and industrial corporations possess a real power in the community—power to do things, in comparison with which the power possessed by our public officials, with few exceptions, is trivial. The president of a large bank goes abroad; he is the recipient of marked attention on the part of his correspondents in the principal cities, and this contributes very largely to his pleasure and advantage. To some extent personal ties are formed that would survive, but largely attentions would cease were he to retire from business.

There are many forms of entertainment open to a man of leisure in New York, but how about smaller, interior places? Travel is open to all, and is a great educator as well as a means of diversion, but the man who depends in large degree upon travel soon feels himself a nomad. Five years ago a man whom I well knew, middle-aged, of strong physique, good address, fairly educated, and seemingly well-equipped for self-entertainment, retired from business at the crest of the wave of prosperity, with a fortune of \$800,000. He went around the world, bought some pictures while abroad, more upon his return, made a study of art, and study made him dissatisfied with his earlier purchases. Being able to go where he pleased and to what he pleased, leisure became irksome; it lost the charm which contrast, with strenuous demand had formerly given to vacations. Seemingly he longed for something that he must do and uneasiness induced speculation. His purchases were what are known as "high-class rail," but the break in the market in March, 1907, compelled the mortgaging of his home to protect his creditors. As soon as the market recovery enabled his creditors to realize their claims, they did so, the result being a broken fortune, a broken-down man, a disappointed life. Had we a serious leisure class to offer such a man a reasonable and satisfying object in life, it might have kept him out of mischief, and protected him from self.

An active business life, in the strong competition which obtains, calls into requisition one's greatest mental energy in order to achieve success; take away such business, with its mental stimulus, and a man with highly trained energies is apt to take to speculation, or to involve himself in unwise undertakings. Had we, however, a distinct class of such men, with similar conditions and kindred ambitions, they might entertain one another. Books and philosophy are accessible to all, but it is difficult to go

from an active to a sedentary life. Of course all these retired business men read, and the volume of current literature and new books that are published is phenomenal, but few of the books survive the transitory period of their production. Thus outpouring of ephemeral literature diverts attention from the books that have stood the test of time and criticism—the books that not only entertain, but also instruct and tend to fit one for a broader, better life.

I know of one conspicuous example of what may be done by men of inherited fortune. A young man of ample means who did not wish to engage in any business pursuit thoroughly educated himself here and abroad at the universities. He then made himself master of a technical pursuit by the study of forestry abroad. After a year or two of professional work, he relinquished it to accept a responsible position in the Government, where he is now rendering great and highly appreciated service in working out the best policy for conserving our forests and other natural resources.

Not long ago, at the time in autumn when active business men return to duty, I was asked by one of our leading captains of finance and industry, "Have you had a good vacation?" I answered with satisfaction: "Yes; ten weeks in Europe." "Now tell me, please," he said, "just what you did from the time of your landing on the other side." In brief, this was my synopsis of a business-man's vacation: "Passed through Ireland to Scotland; motored over the country of Burns and Scott, also over that region whence come my forebears; spent a week in Edinburgh; refreshed my knowledge of Scottish history, gazed at Edinburgh Castle, and recalled the stirring scenes of bloodshed, of treachery, of courage, of patriotism, of diplomacy, and of statesmanship that characterized the crucial events of history in which this stronghold formed a central figure; visited the points made famous by the former autoarcs

of literature; also points made almost sacred by those rugged exponents of popular education and popular rights; renewed my acquaintance with English friends by passing calls, and experience repeated on the Continent; settled down at an agreeable watering-place (free from Coney Island attractions), and for five weeks paid reasonable attention to the dietetic directions of my physician; took baths, rode and motored as the spirit moved, and with gold-headed cane, silk hat, and frock-coat gave myself up to the languor and relaxation of afternoon teas; rested, took on flesh, grew away from New York strenuousness; visited the art galleries and museums that came within my circuit, the treasures of which always greet me as old friends, the satisfaction of revisiting them being very much like meeting a most interesting and valuable acquaintance."

After a thoughtful pause my fellow-business man said in comment: "I couldn't do that. I have stiffened the cords of my neck in all the galleries over there and they no longer interest me. I have studied the people and their ways, and their ambitions seem to me unworthy of the highest aspirations of men. A competency for life generally satisfies them, and they show insufficient concern for the protection of their families and children. In very few instances do their lives measure up to the maximum capacity of a man. In short, the only thing I really love and can understand is the game afforded by the strenuous life right here. The stake is what you are able to make it; your rivals are foemen worthy of your steel, and the measure of your success is the measure of your ability. This 'money-making game,' if you choose to characterize it thus, puts me to my resources, strains my endeavors, and when success comes, the exhilaration is large in proportion."

With him it did not seem to be a question of money nearly so much as the game; but too often, I think, in such contests, long-continued success breeds a growing stake to insure

continuing zest. Commodore Vanderbilt, an inveterate whist player, always played for two shillings a game. The stake was trifling, but the game must possess the aroma of money to make it interesting; and that, I believe, is rather typical of business men generally. Nor is this characteristic peculiar to sex. Many good dames find an added pleasure in "bridge" through knowing that the result of the sitting will find expression in the coin of the realm. The old cardinal principle, the only safe foundation upon which to build society and the state, that a man should render an equivalent for what he gets, is made more difficult to inculcate when money hazards are permitted in the family circle. It is also harder to wean men from the money chase when women, albeit in milder form, are possessed of a kindred spirit.

In many instances the large fortunes that have been accumulated and left to those who have had little or no part in the making become a menace to the community; for large fortunes, unwisely administered, are a source of danger to the public, as well as to their possessors. Many recent exemplifications of the truth of this statement will readily present themselves. If the fathers of the spoiled children of luxury had practised a dignified, sensible leisure at the right time of life, the example might have descended with their money. Badness, however, is by no means the rule. Large fortunes generally are administered fairly within the lines of public approval. The compensatory influence attending upon great wealth is the general disposition to devote a large portion to the public interest, as witness the private endowments of schools, colleges, libraries, hospitals, and eleemosynary institutions generally.

The chief reason, probably, why most American men continue in business until physical incapacity compels abatement may be found in the fact that men like power and consequence, and, specially in this country, hesitate to relinquish the prominence which

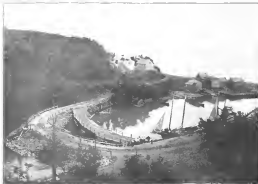
comes from a hold upon commerce. I think this influence is generally stronger than the desire to accumulate money. Aristocracy contemns labor for hire. Patriotism, public service, beneficence, fame, but not fortune, may command the efforts of gentlemen. Even so late as Byron's time, to write for money was discontemned. Prior to enfranchisement, a tendency to look down upon all who labored was prevalent in the slave States, and necessarily this feeling found varying expression in other States. Under such influences, the ambition for social advancement, which is universal, prompted retirement from business at the earliest practicable moment; the social recognition of marked success in business which now obtains has lessened such inducement. Man is sociable and gregarious, and hesitates to leave the great majority of busy men to join the ranks of the comparatively few people of leisure. No one appreciates better than business men the danger of leaving too large fortunes to their families. It tends to idleness on the part of their sons, with all the mischief that is found for idle hands to do; it exposes their daughters to the wiles of the fortune hunter—perhaps, if the estate is large enough, some moral and financial bankruptcy with a taint of nobility. The game, the hazard of business, gives them a mental stimulus which long experience has made almost indispensable. Success in daily recurring transactions yields a sense of victory which appeals to self-complacency.

Public life should, and measurably does offer an inviting sphere of usefulness—even a patriotic field—for successful men who have achieved fortune, and are thus enabled to relieve themselves of business cares. Such men have been of great service in important diplomatic positions, more in consonance with the dignity of the nation and more to its advantage than would have been possible had they been limited to the meager compensation which the Government provides. The well-to-do man of leisure

should successfully rival the man who seeks office for the compensation which follows.

However, there is another side to the shield. The moment such a man seeks office he becomes, in public estimation, a "politician," and rests under the anathema that is hurled against all who seek to engage in public affairs. The continual exposure of maladministration in municipal affairs, supplemented by frequent laches on the part of persons in higher office; the fact that the onus of political campaign seems to be reciprocal denunciation (a condition in which the yellow press revels), will account for the wholesale criticism pronounced against legislatures and Congress. Intelligent criticism which locates responsibility is ever helpful, but indiscriminating and indiscriminate criticism never effects reforms, and if it has any influence, serves only to lower the general standing. Most of our public servants are competent, honest, hard-working officials, and without doubt intelligent, broadside criticism or denunciation serves to discourage men of leisure from seeking to enter public life.

All I have said simply explains existing conditions; I do not seek to justify. Our business men ought to break away from trade exactions long before they do—ought to do so as a matter of volition and ethical judgment, rather than of physical necessity. They ought to get and give more enjoyment in life; they ought to do less for self and more for others; they ought to live more in books and more in the open and less at their desks, and realize better health and longer lives as a result. More and more culture in all its forms is exercising a growing influence, which must manifest itself in lessened effort along the lines of money-getting, and the devotion of more time on the part of our business men to the pursuits which naturally accompany fortified leisure. Aristotle said "the end of labor is to gain leisure," and Aristotle was a wise man.



A GLIMPSE OF HALL'S HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA

In this picturesque little fishing village Ranford D. Bucknam was born in 1868.

A Canadian Pasha

BY ARTHUR CONRAD

From The Post Magazine

NOVA SCOTIA'S sons and daughters have left and are leaving their impress on the world in many pursuits and in many lands. In science, in art, and in literature, no less than in trade and commerce the names of Nova Scotians stand in the forefront.

Over in Turkey, the man who is constructing a great Turkish navy and putting it in fighting shape,—Bucknam Pasha, favorite of the deposed Sultan and naval adviser of the new,—is proud to own his Nova Scotian birth and ancestry.

The story of Bucknam's life reads like a concoction of the imagination. He has been through all kinds of adventure in all corners of the globe.

In Turkey he has held a position as anomalous as it was distinctive; while few people who are intimately acquainted with Turkish affairs credit all that has been written about him or believe that he really has been, as represented, prominent among the Sultan's private advisers, there is no doubt that he acquired considerable influence with Abdul Hamid, and figured conspicuously on several occasions when the life of the Sultan was attempted.

Bucknam's adventures began young. He was born in the village of Hall's Harbor, in King's County, Nova Scotia, in 1868, the son of a sailor. His paternal grandfather, John Bucknam, also a native of the place was

engaged in the shipbuilding business there. His father was lost at sea, while the future admiral was still quite young, and not long after his grandfather removed to Duluth on Lake Superior, taking Ramsford and an older brother with him.

When he was offered the choice between farming and sailing, the boy chose the latter and at the age of fourteen he became a cabin-boy on a lake schooner, of which the captain was also the owner. The captain's wife took a fancy to the youngster and ultimately they adopted him. To-day the schooner's captain is a wealthy ship-owner in one of the lake-towns and the lonely cabin-boy is a Turkish molic of the highest rank. Bucknam has never forgotten the couple who befriended him and whenever he has an opportunity in the midst of his roving career he visits them. For their part, they are proud of the way the waterside wastrel has turned out.

When he was sixteen years old, Bucknam sailed from New York as quartermaster of a schooner bound for the Pacific. At Manila the captain and mates died of cholera, and Bucknam went before a special board to be examined for a master's certificate, he being the only man on board the vessel who had studied navigation. He passed the test without difficulty and was made a captain at seventeen. To prove his efficiency, he brought his ship home.

Early in the nineties, he was in command of a steamship that sailed from Tampico for New York, laden with hemp and silver. Twenty-four hours out of Tampico, he struck a sunken wreck and smashed his propeller to splinters. Bucknam called for volunteers to return to the Mexican port in the long boat and cable New York for a tug. The mate and three men started on the errand and performed it without incident. But in the meantime, the unmanageable steamship had been drifting about at the will of the winds and waves, and it required a search of twenty days

on the part of the rescuing tug to find her.

In the tow of the tug, the steamship made Key West. It was assumed, of course, that she would have to be dry-docked before she would be fit for sea again. But Bucknam balked at the idea of paying out money for what he thought wasn't necessary. So he shifted all his cargo into the fore-



RANFORD D. BUCKNAM

In the uniform of a Turkish Admiral

ward compartments, which had the effect of settling her by the head and elevating the stern. Finding that the stern was not sufficiently high in the air to enable him to get at the propeller shaft, he bought a small schooner, loaded with stone ballast, and hitched her to the stem of his ship.

This had the desired effect, and Bucknam calmly went ahead attaching the new propeller he had ordered to



ADMIRAL BUCKNAM'S ARRIVAL IN TURKEY

When, on a Cramo Company ship, he landed over the steamer *Abdul Medjidie* to the Turkish Government.

the end of the shaft. An admiral of the United States navy, who happened to be at Key West at the time, witnessed the operation, and characterized it as one of the cleverest of its kind he had ever heard of. Indeed, it is said that Bucknam was the first man to put a propeller on a ship without docking her. After he had finished the fitting of the propeller and re-shipped his cargo, he started for New York.

By an irony of circumstances, though, the shaft had been twisted at some point in the middle of the shaft-pit, and it pounded so that most of the bolts in the hull were loose when the vessel arrived in New York. As a result, she had to be docked, after all. The insurance agents and others were indignant at Bucknam because he had not docked here in the first place, and extended litigation between the owners and the disgruntled parties followed. But the feat on the whole, was regarded as a feather in Bucknam's cap.

Shortly before the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, Bucknam went to

that city and built the whale-back Columbus, of which he was captain while she was on exhibition at the Fair. Later he went to the Pacific Coast and built the whale-back *Sodney*. In 1895, he became a mate in the Pacific Steamship Company's service, and two years later was made captain of the *Island of Naos* at Panama.

While at Panama the future pasha invented an ingenious instrument, of which for some unknown reason, little has been heard. It consisted of an electrical device by which a compass automatically traced on a chart the route a vessel was taking. Bucknam tested it at Naos a number of times, in the presence of others, and it always worked well. About 1900, he was transferred from Naos and became mate of the *City of Pekin*, then the Pacific Steamship Company's new trans-Pacific liner.

It was not long after his assignment to the steamship that Bucknam received an offer from the Cramps to become their nautical expert. In this position he came into frequent touch with naval officers of the United States

and other countries, and his knowledge of naval subjects was broadened to an extent that made him an authority. He was commander of the new battleship *Main* on her trial runs, and, when the Turkish cruiser *Medjidia* was finished, he was sent to Turkey under three months' contract to train her Mohammedan crew.

Just how it happened, nobody seems to know, but undeniably the Sultan took a fancy to the sailor. The Turkish fleet, since the day of Navarino, had been a thing to joke about. This state of affairs was not altogether agreeable to patriotic Turks, who could remember the time when their galleys of war were the scourge of Mediterranean Europe, and Abdul Hamid seemed to feel that in Bucknam he might count on a force of regeneration.

At all events, the Sultan sent for Bucknam and asked him if he would take the post of naval adviser to the Porte. Bucknam considered the matter, and finally told Abdul Hamid that

he would. Bucknam was practical, and the salary offered him was nothing short of princely. But he stipulated that he was to have a preliminary leave of absence, in order that he could go home and marry a girl in San Francisco. The Sultan assented, and Bucknam married the young woman, a school-teacher. She went with him to Constantinople.

Bucknam's popularity increased—so far as the Sultan was concerned, at any rate. He was made a pasha and vice-admiral, and the Sultan conferred on him the Order of Osmanieh, and a distinguished service medal. Reliable report says that when an attempt was made to assassinate the Sultan several years ago, when he was returning to the *Yildiz Kiosk* from the *Hamidieh Mosque*, Bucknam Pasha was first to spring to the aid of the Commander of the Faithful.

A bomb loaded with a tremendous powerful explosive was thrown into the mounted escort that surrounded the royal carriage. Scores of men



THE BIRTHPLACE OF ADMIRAL BUCKNAM

It was in the house on the right that the future Pasha first saw the light.

and horses were killed, the ground was rent and torn and nearby buildings felt the shock; but the Sultan was unhurt, although his carriage was surrounded by the injured. Bucknam Pasha took his post by the carriage step, with sword drawn, and announced that if a hand was laid on the Sultan it would be lopped off. Sword in hand, he walked beside the carriage all the way to the gates of Yildiz.

Abdul Hamid never forgot this act.

Nor did the would-be assassin, apparently, for Bucknam's friends have heard of one or two mysterious assaults on him that can be explained only through political motives. It is not easy to get information about Bucknam's adventures, because they are the last subject he cares to talk about. A letter from him never hints at the unusual experiences he has been having, and it is only by accident that the details leak out.

Have an Avocation as Well as a Vocation

Whatever vocation, first, second and last, is that of a minister of the Gospel. My avocation has been literature. I have always tried to write on subjects of which I knew something, and I have the greatest scorn for what is called literature, where the writer throws himself into the field as a fencing master might do, or any soldier of fortune; where the writer knows how to write and has nothing to write about; where, in short, he has nothing to say. But to say what a man has to say, to tell what he has seen, that is the real province of literature.

"Therefore, I have always maintained as close a connection as a professional man in other lines can maintain with the periodical press. I think that the correspondence with the whole country which these engagements give me, becomes an element of good training.

—Edward Everett Hale, D.D.

The Hypocrites

By ELIZABETH TYREE METCALFE

From Munsey's Magazine

WE had been married three weeks. Although I expected to be happy, I never dreamed that there could be such a stretch of uninterrupted bliss. I told Richard so that morning, while we were dressing, and I added that it could not last; something was bound to happen.

He replied that possibly a storm would blow up, for he had planned to have our breakfast served on the lawn, under the large maple. This was only one of the many pleasant surprises he was always arranging. I stepped to the window, and, sure enough, there was the table spread and the white linen gleaming through the green trees.

Nine men out of ten would have replied that one finds trouble when one is looking for it; but Richard is different.

But here we are under the trees, Richard is puzzling over the very wobbly handwriting on a pink envelope.

"Ah, I know!" he exclaims. "It's from Nora. Yes, she's writing to find out when we expect to return."

Nora was the one being who was to make ours the life simple that we both yearned for. Richard had trailed her for eight years. She had kept house for him, cooked and served the meals, washed and ironed, and kept his apartment of eight rooms immaculately cleaned. Though our income was a limited affair, we could have afforded another girl; but that was exactly what I didn't want. Two in the kitchen, jabbering instead of doing their work, would annoy me;

two to find fault with me, instead of my finding fault with them would be the real state of affairs.

Furthermore, I wanted to do lots of things myself; I wanted to show Richard that I was not an ornamental Dresden-china wife, but one of the old-fashioned, practical kind, contented and happy to look after our home; provided, of course, I had such a valuable assistant as I knew Nora must be.

Richard opened the pink envelope. I saw his happy expression become grave.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed. "Is it the dachshund?"

"Worse than that!" he groaned.

"Not robbed, or a fire?"

"No—listen:

"Dear Mr. Armstrong:

"I write to tell you that the place is all in order, and unless I hear different I shall expect you home on the first of the month. I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Armstrong, that since you went away I have become engaged, and I expect to give up work and get married. I won't do it right away. I will stay on until I am sure Mrs. Armstrong is broke in to all your wants.

"Your respectful servant,

"Nora Mulqueen," I cried.

"Broke in to all my wants," he repeated. "Don't be hurt, darling; she only means until you get the hang of things."

"Oh, bother that! I mean that she is going away."

"Yes," he answers, "that was the impending cloud before we came down."

"She mustn't do it. She mustn't be allowed to do it!"

"That's the idea," says Richard. "We'll discourage her."

"Yes, but how? She'll see how perfectly happy we are and she'll rush off to be just as happy."

"True," mutters Richard.

"Dick, I have it. Let's pretend not to be."

"Not to be what?"

"Happy."

"Nonsense! We couldn't."

"Oh, yes, we can; leave it to me."

"What will you do?"

"I will act—act as if marriage was a failure; not all the time, of course, but only when Nora is around."

"How can you?"

"Just you wait and see. Oh, I could have had a career, had I chosen!"

"I've no doubt; but Nora is too wise to be fooled."

"Ah, but you must do your part, too, Dick! You must squabble with me while she is serving the meals; you must disagree with everything I say, and I will get angry and pretend to be very unhappy. Then I'll call her some morning, and in a tearful voice caution her about the step she is taking."

"And," said Richard, catching the spirit, "I'll have a little talk with her and shake my head and sigh—so: 'Ah, Nora, matrimony isn't everything in life!'"

"Splendid, Dick! You'll do your part well. I'm sure we'll succeed. It does seem selfish for us to consider only our own comfort, but it may be that we are saving her from a worse fate."

"Yes," says Richard, "she'd only have to work and wear herself out for some selfish man who wouldn't appreciate her as we do."

So it was all settled.

II.

We had been home three days. I was so perfectly happy that I hadn't the heart to put our scheme into op-

eration. Nora seemed happy, too. When I attempted to question her about her engagement, she laughed outright, and turned crimson, but not a word would she say on the subject. We respected her shyness, and I proceeded to get acquainted with her methods of housekeeping.

One morning, as we were about to sit down to breakfast, I said:

"Well, here goes—you are going to catch it, Mr. Caudie; and—nodding towards the pantry-door—"setback number one for Nora!"

"Ahem!" says Richard, ducking behind his newspaper, as Nora enters with the fruit.

"Dear me," I say vexatiously, "are you always going to gobble your newspaper at breakfast?"

"Why, no, de—ah, Madge," as he grasps the situation.

"Richard, I believe you were going to say 'damn!'"

"No, I assure you, Madge; you know very well what I—"

"No, I don't," I say sharply.

"Yes, you do!" he thunders.

Nora gives a quick look at each of us and leaves the room.

"Splendid, little woman, keep it up!" Richard whispers.

"No, now we must be groggy, and not say a word."

So we whisper to each other lovingly, until I ring. Then a ponderous silence while Nora places the bacon and eggs. Fortunately, our breakfast is a brief affair, and we go to Richard's study for a little while before he leaves for his office. To-morrow is Nora's day out, and Richard proposes that we vary the monotony of home life by dining out once a week.

"Good," say I, "and at dinner we will squabble over the place to go."

So it happened in this fashion:

"Where would you like to dine this evening, Madge?"

"At Sherry's, of course."

"And why, of course, may I ask?"

"Because—"

"Because what?" he demands.

"Because I like to go there."

"Surely not for the bad cuisine?"

"No—not exactly."

"Very well, then; you expect to meet some one there!" This very fiercely.

"And what if I do?" I retort in a tantalizing tone.

"That settles it!" thunders Richard. "We'll dine somewhere else."

"Nonsense. I won't dine anywhere else."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Armstrong," Nora breaks in, "but I can come home and get the dinner. I don't mind at all."

"No, Nora," I say. "I don't wish you to spoil your day out."

"No, of course not," growls Richard.

Nora goes quickly to the kitchen, and it was well she did, for we were both bursting our sides with inward laughter. We finished our breakfast in whispers, making it appear that we were not on speaking terms.

When Richard had left the house, Nora came to me and in a most touching manner asked me if I didn't think I ought to go out in the park for a while, the air was so fine.

"No, Nora, but you must hurry and get out into the open air yourself; you need it more than I."

"Thank you, ma'am. You are certainly very kind, Mrs. Armstrong."

As she was leaving the room, I ventured to ask the name of her bean. She beamed all over, and then very shyly said:

"His name is Patrick, ma'am."

"Well, Nora, I hope he has a nice disposition."

"He seems to, ma'am, but you never can tell about the men."

Then she flew out of the room, as if she had said too much. Our medicine was taking effect already!

The next morning started off pleasantly enough. We had only a mild argument. Nora positively bubbled over, she seemed so relieved. This would never do; so we went to the study after breakfast and decided to have a vigorous onslaught at dinner. Richard suggested that he had thought of giving up cocktails before dinner,

and that I might lecture him about it and ask me to abandon the habit.

"I can do that quite easily, for I had had it in my mind to do so, anyway," I replied.

"Oh, you had, had you? Very well, go ahead," he answered.

We sat down to dinner, as Nora served the *hors d'œuvres*, Richard remarked:

"This looks tempting, and I have a savage appetite."

"Yes, but it is an artificial one."

"How so?"

"The cocktail."

"Oh, you don't approve of an appetizer?"

"Not regularly; especially cocktails."

"What's the harm?"

"Better ask your doctor."

"Piffle!"

"It won't be piffle when you are informed some bright June day that you have cirrhosis of the liver and your days are numbered."

"Confound it, Madge, you are a cheerful dinner companion! said Richard, not too good-naturedly.

"Do you think I'll make a nice-looking widow?"

"Take care you don't carry this thing too far!"

I could see that Richard was quite serious, and somehow it made me all the more flippant.

"It was your own suggestion," I retorted.

"You know you can be exasperating, Madge."

"Do you mean that?"

"I do," he snapped.

"I think you are horrid, Dick," and two tears popped instantly into view.

Nora discreetly left the room. Richard was at my side at once.

"Forgive me, dear! You did it so well I forgot you were acting."

"Hush!" I whispered. "Nora is coming back."

Richard went back to his place; and as Nora removed the plates, I made my point.

"And you will give up cocktails for three months?"

He looked at me steadily for a second, and then said:
"Yes, I promise."

III.

Richard suggested that we shouldn't pretend any more quarrels for a day or so; and, after the serious turn the thing had just taken, I agreed that perhaps we were overdoing it. The next morning we breakfasted in non-talkative fashion. Nora, fearing another outburst, went busying herself in the pantry, and slogging quietly at first, then louder, so that we could catch the words:

Kind words can never die, never die!

I thought we should, though; and if she could have seen our hypocritical faces while she was singing, she would have left us on the spot. When she burst into "Comrades," and dwelt on the words "bearing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys," we had to fly from the dining-room to Richard's study, where we laughed until we fairly cried.

Richard hurried to his office. I left the laugh-tears standing in my eyes and went to the kitchen to give my orders for the day. Nora looked at me so pityingly that I felt sure, no matter what she thought of our quarrels, I had her sympathy. Finding her in this soft mood, I said:

"Nora, I suppose Patrick won't be willing to wait much longer, and you'll be leaving us pretty soon."

"Well, ma'am, that all depends; at any rate, he can wait, all right!"

"Nora," I said very solemnly, "be sure he is the right man."

"Well, ma'am, I'm not doing anything sudden. And I'll tell you this, Mrs. Armstrong, I'm not going to leave you until I see that you are happy entirely, for a sweeter and kinder and more considerate little lady I never lay eyes upon. If Mr. Armstrong don't hold that opinion now—well, the day will come when he will!" I was embarrassed by such frankness:

and she must have seen it, for she added apologetically: "Though I haven't a word to say against him."

"No—no, of course not, Nora."

Fearing I might say the wrong thing, I left the kitchen. Her words came back to me—"He can wait," and "I won't do anything sudden." Evidently we were making an impression on her. One more vigorous outbreak might shatter her faith in comradely happiness; I could see that she was already shaken.

I must say I felt rather mean, and I told Richard so when he came home.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Are you going to weaken and not play the game out?"

"But, my dear Dick, just think how happy we are; and we may be cheating her out of the same thing."

"Impossible, darling. There never has been and there never will be even a happy couple as we, for there never was such a wonderful little woman in the world."

"Very well, then," I said, "you'll find me no longer infirm of purpose; and to-night I'll bring things to a climax."

But at dinner we were busy arranging the menu for the first dinner-party, which was to take place the next evening. It was a serious event to me; and Richard, divining my state of mind, assured me that Nora would pull it off all right. We neglected our wrangling; so I proposed that to-morrow I would behave as if I were bowed down with a secret grief.

When Richard had gone, I pulled a long, pathetic face and went to the kitchen.

"Nora," I began, "I'm sure you are going to have a busy day. What can I do to help you?"

She evidently caught the discouraged tone in my voice, for she looked straight at me for some seconds and then burst out:

"Bless your dear, kind little heart, don't you bother about the dinner! Just you go out and cheer yourself up a bit, so you'll look your prettiest

when your friends come to-night; and that's the best help in the world to Nora."

I felt so ashamed of myself that I did as she told me. The dinner was everything I could have hoped for. It was wonderful to see Nora, clad in her black satin dress, with her nest white collar and apron, serving each course as if she was quite divorced from the kitchen. What should I do without her? I simply couldn't, and I would not. I told Richard so.

"Very well," he said. "In the morning, at breakfast, without fail."

Now there was something on my mind that I had intended to speak to him about, but I reserved it for the breakfast squabble; and this is how it happened. Richard was not in the best of spirits that morning, and had no appetite to speak of. I inquired the cause in the tenderest voice, but he rather snappishly answered that it was the long course dinner of the previous evening.

"Richard, I am disappointed in you; you broke your promise."

"What promise?"

"You not only took a cocktail last night, you took two. I'm sorry I can't rely upon you to keep your word!"

"Well," he replied quite peevishly, "what's a fellow to do in his own house?"

"You have no moral courage."

"That's the only kind a man can get along without."

"Oh, Richard!" I cried in disgust; and Nora, scenting trouble, left the room.

"Now see here, Madge!"

"Be savage and loud," I directed in a whisper.

"I won't be bullied about what I drink," shouted Richard. "No more temperance-lectures at breakfast!"

He banged his fist on the table and swung out of the room; and I heard him slam the study door. As Nora was just outside the pantry-door, I gave a heart-broken sob. For fear she should come suddenly upon me, I

put my handkerchief to my eyes and sneaked out to Richard.

"Slip out of the house quietly, darling. I think we have done the trick!"

"I hope so," he mutters, as he kisses me tenderly.

An hour later Nora appears at my door.

"Mrs. Armstrong," she inquired, "do you think your husband is in good health?"

"Oh, yes, Nora."

"Excuse my asking, ma'am; but was he at all like this when you were away on your honeymoon?"

"Not all the time," and then a brilliant idea came to me. "At least, not until he got your letter saying you were going to leave us and get married, Nora!" I cried. "I believe he's worrying about your future."

We were gloomy enough at dinner; and it was not acting. I felt certain we were playing a losing game. Sure enough, as we left the dining-room, Nora stopped us, saying that as soon as she had washed up she had something to say to us.

"It's the last blow," I whispered to Richard. "She's coming to give notice!"

We sat in the study and talked of her good points, as one does of a dearly loved one who has passed away. Richard decided to give her a substantial cheque for a wedding-present. Finally, she appeared in a fresh cap and apron, and an expression that plainly told us what to expect.

"Mr. Armstrong," she began, "I ain't goin' to leave you." She paused. "I ain't goin' to get married."

We both jumped as if we had been sitting in electric chairs and the fatal current had struck us.

"Why, Nora!" we exclaimed.

"No, sir; and I have never been engaged."

"Nora, you told us a deliberate falsehood," said Richard reproachfully.

"Oh, no, sir—it was just a loophole in case I shouldn't like Mrs. Armstrong."

Allegiance to Humanity

By THE RT. HON. JAMES, BRYCE
From The Outlook

ABOUT the blessings of peace, about the horrors of war, about the value of arbitration as a means of preventing war, surely everything that can be said has been said. You who meet here to promote arbitration and peace have no enemy in the field. Hawks there may be, but they do not attend this congress of doves. Those who speak to you find themselves in the position of preaching to the converted. It is an easy process, but it is not stimulating to us and not profitable to the unconverted who keep out of range. Our discussions at all peace gatherings are really discussions in the abstract, and we shall not know that we are making real progress until we translate good abstract resolutions into concrete practice. No doubt much progress has been made. The work of the Hague Conference has been extremely valuable. The creation of the Hague Court and the reference to it of such controversies as that which the United States had with Mexico and that relating to the Newfoundland fisheries mark a very great advance. Nevertheless, it is felt that risks of war have not disappeared; and the proof of this is shown in the fact that all the great countries continue to go on increasing their military and naval armaments. There is no certainty that, if some dispute suddenly arose inflaming the passions of two nations,

they would refer it to arbitration. Some disputes are, indeed, expressly excluded by the recent Arbitration Treaties from their scope. We may regret this, but such is the fact, and it shows that governments have not that full confidence in the application of the principle which many of you may desire. Even where the case is one that does fall within the treaty, we cannot be sure that two nations, each perhaps irritated and excited, may not prefer to resort to arms rather than use the machinery for securing peace which they have themselves as their more tranquil moments provided. All the nations, both of this hemisphere and of the other, have every possible reason for endeavoring to keep the peace. Interest as well as conscience and duty prescribe that course. It is also an encouraging sign that troubles in eastern Europe which would probably, thirty years ago, have caused an European war, have been within the last few months peacefully adjusted. In particular, we have all reason to rejoice that a regime of tyranny in the Turkish Empire has been brought to an end, that the principles of liberty have been proclaimed in that country, and that we may expect the shocking massacres that have recently been perpetrated in Asia Minor—probably a last effort of expiring tyrants—to be severely punished, and that the Christians and Mussulmans are beginning to recognize that they have a common interest in good government and must work together in harmonious co-operation and

friendships. These things may well be welcomed as a great step onward and a good augury for the future. Nevertheless, when we remember how often before governments and nations that have every interest to keep the peace allowed themselves to be drawn into war, and how disproportionate its causes were to the real interests involved, we cannot be sure that the same thing may not occur again, and we must ask once more, Why is it that good resolutions are so often forgotten? Why is the practice of nations so much worse than their theory? One of the answers most given is that ill feeling between nations leading up to war is due to the newspapers, which, when a dispute arises between two peoples, are accused of misrepresenting the purposes and the sentiments of the other people, and so leading each people to believe itself wholly in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. It is not my business to defend the newspapers. They are well able to take care of themselves. But, in the interests of truth and justice, it must be asked whether it is really they that are to blame. If foreign countries are attacked, it is because they think the public like it and expect it. In every country the newspapers reflect the wishes of the people and are what the people make them.

Thus we come back to the people—that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the Government and of the press. Why do we like to have other nations placed in the worst light and their defects exaggerated? Why is it thought patriotic to defy other nations and unpatriotic to indicate any faults in ourselves, any weak points in our own case?

At this moment all the Governments in all the great military and naval states are (I venture to believe) honestly desirous of peace. Not one of them has any cause for war. Not one of them but would lose by war far more than it could gain. Yet it is apparently possible for those who de-

sire, from whatever motives, to stir up suspicion and enmity to succeed in convincing each nation that the other has designs upon it.

Every nation is conscious of its own rectitude of purpose, and believes that its armaments are for its own safety and will not be used unjustly or aggressively. But each one is told that it must not credit with similar good intentions the other nation which is for the moment the object of its jealousy. The ordinary man is apparently more prone to believe evil than good; and hardly anybody takes up the cause of the other nation. That would be called unpatriotic.

Is not the fault, then, in ourselves, that we are too ignorant about other nations, too neglectful in not trying to understand them and to put ourselves in their place? Is not this one chief cause of the atmosphere of suspicion which characterizes the relations of the Great Powers, and leads them to go on creating the enormous armaments and levying the enormous taxes under which their people stagger? Would not a better knowledge by each nation of the other nations do something to repel these suspicions? Every nation must, of course, be prepared to repel all dangers at all likely to threaten it. But it should also try to ascertain whether the dangers it is told to provide against are real or illusory, and it should try to enter into the position of other nations and ask whether it may not be exciting in their minds a mistaken impression of its purposes. Suspicion breeds suspicion; and nations have sometimes come to fear and dislike one another only because each was incessantly told that it was disliked by the other.

Thirty or forty years ago there was a good deal of this suspicion between Britain and the United States. Better knowledge by each nation of the other has extinguished that feeling and substituted for it a genuine friendship, which will, we may feel sure, at once recur to arbitration for the

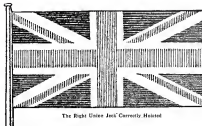
*An address delivered before the Fifteenth Annual Lake Mohawk Conference on International Arbitration, May 31, 1900.

settlement of any question that may arise. Why should this not be done as regards the other Powers also? Why, when a controversy arises with any other country, should we not, before sharpening our tempers and our swords, try to believe that there are two sides to the controversy, and keep cool till we have considered the other side and made the other people feel that we mean to be reasonable?

Our country is not the only thing to which we owe our allegiance. It is owed also to justice and to humanity. Patriotism consists not in waving a flag but in striving that our country shall be righteous as well as strong. A state is not the less strong for being resolved to use its strength in a temperate and pacific spirit.

It was well said recently by Mr. Root that there ought to be, and there was gradually coming to be, a public opinion of nations which favored arbitra-

tion and would condemn any Government which plunged into war when amicable means of settlement were available. May we not go even further, and desire and work for the creation of a public opinion of the world which has regard to the general interests of the world, raising its view above the special interests of each people? Are we not carrying our national feeling to excess when we think only of the welfare, only of the glory, of our own nation? Is it not the mark of a truly philosophic as well as of a truly religious mind to extend its sympathy and its hopes to all mankind? Would not the diffusion of such a feeling and an appreciation of the truth that every nation gains by the prosperity and happiness of other peoples be a force working for peace and good will among the nations even more powerfully than all our arbitration treaties?



The Right Union Jack Correctly Hoisted

What Flag Should Canadians Fly?

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

Poverty Has Its Dangers

WEAALTH doubtless has its dangers for the young, and deprives them of certain advantageous impulses and compulsions which are the inheritance of the poor. But poverty has its perils, too, as the census of every jail will show. Perhaps it is well that every status should present its peculiar difficulties, for sad, indeed, would be the fate and hopeless the prospect for those whom the accident of birth deprived of any incentive to exertion and of any obstacles to overcome.—*New York Times*.

EVERY Canadian may fly the Union Jack. The question is now settled beyond all dispute. His Majesty himself has said so and he is officially confirmed by a pronouncement in the House of Lords by the Colonial Secretary.

Is there a Canadian flag or should the loyal subjects of His Majesty's Dominion raise the Union Jack? On July first, Canada commemorates the forty-second anniversary of her birth. In memory of the historic event under which the scattered provinces were welded into a solid confederacy—a united commonwealth—we call the day, Dominion Day. In honor of the great achievement and in token of our gratitude and pride at the happy union, July first is proclaimed and observed as a national holiday. In many towns and cities elaborate celebrations are held to mark the progress and development of our citizenship and national spirit and to impress upon present and future generations the glory and grandeur of the nativity of our country. Dominion Day is the occasion for more display of flags than possibly any other holiday in

the year. With the exception of Victoria Day—on no other anniversary are so many emblems in evidence. What flag should we as Canadians and loyal subjects of the British Empire, hoist?

It is contended by some that the Canadian marine ensign is the proper one to unfurl, but they are forced to admit that there is no official authority for such an emblem as the flag of Canada. It is true that, according to the Warrant issued by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, the merchant marine of Canada and all government ships have the authority and right to fly respectively the Canadian red and blue ensigns bearing the Dominion coat-of-arms in the field, but this official permission, it is asserted, applies to the water only, and there is no justification or precedent for raising the Canadian ensign on land. On the other hand, there is no doubt that every British subject has the right to fly the Union Jack or the British Red Ensign.

The other day I asked an eminent authority on flag lore wherein he based his contention that Canadians

have the right to display the Canadian Red Ensign on shore. He told me that the Cross of St. George, which had been placed in the upper corner of the Commonwealth ensign during the Protectorate days of Oliver Cromwell, had passed into the Ensign Red of Charles the Second and was thereafter borne at the stern of merchantmen and men-of-war. In this paramount ensign of the nation, the single-cross English Jack was carried from 1649 to 1707; and during the reign of Queen Anne its place in the national ensign was taken for the first time by a two-crossed Jack, which was the first real Union Jack. Such then was the origin and evolution of the Ensign Red, the national ensign of the British people, which along with the changes made in the Jack in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the Third, formed the basis of the present Red Ensign of the British Empire. By a proclamation of Queen Anne, the Red Ensign was ordered to be worn by all ships. No other ensign was to be displayed except the Red Ensign with the Union Jack in the upper corner which was to take the place of the separate national Jacks and of the Ensign Red previously used on the merchant ships of the subjects of the sovereign. This royal proclamation also gave authority to raise the British Union Ensign on sea and land. He asserted that the proclamation, so far as displaying the Red Ensign, either on land or water, was concerned, had never been altered or amended and that it mattered not, if the arms of any British colony or possession were in the fly, the right to display this flag on land still existed. Canadians, therefore, were fully justified in raising the Canadian ensign on land. He did not advocate its use at all times and on all buildings but thought that the proper flag to be hoisted on Dominion Day in honor of our local pride and thankfulness for the historic event creating a united Canada, was the Canadian Ensign. On other occasions the Union

Jack or British Red Ensign would be the most appropriate flag to raise, except possibly on our municipal and house buildings as city halls, public libraries, fire stations, etc., from the towers of which the Canadian Ensign should float as evidence of our personal and local rule and lineage. On our parliament and legislative piles, our law courts and our public schools we should elevate the Union Jack as indicating the presence of Government under the British Constitution and of the administration of British law.

"The Canadian Ensign" he added "has in its broad red field the arms of the Dominion of Canada as the sign of our national union and in the upper corner or canton, the Union Jack as the sign of our British Union—the outward and visible evidence of our loyalty, affection and allegiance to the mother country. As the flag of the Englishman is the red cross of St. George, of the Scotchman the white cross of St. Andrew, and of the Irishman the red saltire cross of St. Patrick, or his harp and crown, and as there are to each the emblems of their home country and their lineage, so too is the Canadian Ensign, the emblem of our home country and our growing lineage united from ocean to ocean."

There is abundant authority and warrant for every British subject to fly the Union Jack. In an interesting brochure Mr. Joseph Pope points out that Lord Knollys, private secretary to King Edward, writing to a Church of England clergyman who, shortly before the coronation of His Majesty, in 1902, asked for permission to fly the Royal Standard, said "In response to your letter I am afraid that the Royal Standard, which is the King's personal flag, can only be hoisted on the Coronation. If permission were given in one case, it would be impossible to refuse it in any others. I must remind you that you can always fly the Union Jack."

A message was received from the private secretary of His Majesty some



This flag is wrong because the saltire and the diagonal crosses are too broad.



Another flag often used in public celebrations as the Union Jack, but quite wrong.



The right flag, but wrongly hoisted a very common mistake. Compare with the large flag.

time ago by Mr. Barlow Cumberland, president of the Ontario Historical Society. It read, "In reply to your letter I beg to inform you that the Union Jack, being the national flag, may be flown by British subjects, private or official, on land." Knollys.

The Secretary of the Colonies in the Imperial Cabinet, in reply to a question in the House recently said that the full Union Jack could be flown by every citizen of the Empire as well as on government offices and public buildings; that the Union Jack should be regarded as the national flag, and undoubtedly might be hoisted on land by all His Majesty's subjects. The Earl of Meath remarked that there had been a certain amount of doubt on the subject and he was glad to have an authoritative announcement.

There have, however, appeared in the press of the Dominion from time to time communications in favor of a distinctive emblem for Canada, urging that in addition to the flag of the Empire—the Union Jack—there should be for special holidays and occasions of ceremony, a loyal or domestic emblem, or in other words, a flag for the Dominion.

The advocates of a separate Canadian emblem and the use of a Canadian flag have, beyond the contention already pointed out, so far as I can learn, failed to furnish any definite authority or official sanction for their attitude, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Pope, who asserts that a national flag is the symbol of supreme authority and jurisdiction, and that as Canada forms a portion of the Dominion of the King of England,—

as much so, His Majesty himself has declared, as Surrey or Kent,—how could Canada, consistent with her allegiance, fly any other flag than that which denotes British sovereignty? I fail to see that there is such a flag as the "Canadian Flag" on land.

In 1800, the Department of Marine and Fisheries applied to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, on behalf of vessel owners registered in the Dominion, for permission to fly the Red Ensign with the Canadian coat-of-arms inserted. The government ships were authorized to use the Blue Ensign with the Dominion coat-of-arms as their distinguishing flag. The latter authority was granted under the Colonial Defence Act in 1865. It conferred on colonial governments the power to use the Blue Ensign, with the seal or badge of the colony in the centre of the fly, on vessels of war maintained by local governments. Authority was afterwards extended to the fishery protection cruisers of Canada so that they, and all other ships owned by the Dominion, carry a Blue Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the centre of the field. It was contended by the Department at Ottawa that the merchant marine of Canada using the same red ensign as the merchant marine of Great Britain frequently led to confusion in that Canadian ships could not be recognized. An Admiralty Warrant was issued in 1892 permitting the Canadian coat-of-arms to be placed in the ground of the Red Ensign and to be used on board vessels registered in the Dominion.

Anybody who will take the trouble

to read this warrant, will see that the permission applies merely to water, and then only to vessels registered in the Dominion. It has no bearing whatever on land and no authority there. On the other hand, pleaders for a distinctive Canadian flag, proclaim that the new combined Red Ensign, according to the terms of the Admiralty Warrant, can be used by all citizens of Canada. In other words, there is no prohibition against the Canadian Ensign—the British Red Ensign having the Union Jack in the upper canton and the arms of Canada in the fly—being used by all residents of the Dominion, either on land



Flag of the Governor-General
of Canada

or water. While the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have not, of course, jurisdiction to make regulations with respect to land, the advocates aver that the hoisting of the Canadian Ensign or flag on shore is not disloyal or inappropriate; that it is a loyal, local flag, and, as already stated, the very fact of the Union Jack being in the upper left hand corner, proclaims and symbolizes our allegiance, devotion and adherence to Great Britain.

A national flag representing as it does, supreme authority and sovereignty, and Canada being a portion of the British dominion, the proper flag to be raised on Canadian soil,

so far as I can conceive, is the one denoting these attributes, and that is the Union Jack. Mr. Pope adds that the action of the government in seeking and obtaining permission from the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to fly the flag of the Canadian merchant marine, or the Red Ensign, on all vessels registered in Canada, has, of late been perverted by some to a meaning entirely foreign to that desired by the members of the government who sought this privilege. The great mass of those, who hoist the Canadian flag, do so without any thought whatever. Although all may be loyal and faithful subjects of the King they are laboring under grave misapprehension, with no apparent idea, perhaps, of compromising their allegiance. While they may be under the honest impression that the proper flag for them to raise is the Red Ensign of the Canadian merchant marine, they do not seem to realize that the marine ensign looks absurdly out of place hundreds of miles inland. The Warrant of the Admiralty merely authorized the Red Ensign of Her Majesty's fleet with the Canadian coat-of-arms in the field to be used on vessels registered in the Dominion, such permission having no bearing whatever to its use on land.

Official authority having been granted that the full Union Jack can be flown by every citizen of the Empire on private buildings, as well as on government structures, and that it should be regarded as the national flag and raised on land by all His Majesty's subjects, Mr. Pope pertinently observes "Why should any loyal Canadian wish to fly any other flag?" Apart from the inherent fitness involved in the flying on British soil of the flag, which symbolizes British sovereignty, surely every one ought to feel a special gratification in exercising the birthright of every subject of His Majesty. It represents a glory and a greatness we should all be proud to share."

It is sometimes urged that the Union Jack denotes by its conforma-

tion the union of England, Scotland and Ireland, and, therefore, its use should be confined to the United Kingdom. "To this pedantic objection," declares Mr. Pope, "I answer that whatever its origin and symbolic history, it is to-day, and has been for a hundred years, and more, the acknowledged emblem of British dominion, the flag of the British Empire, and is recognized as such by friends and foes the world over." I concur with Mr. Pope, that the Union Jack is the only flag that should be flown on land by a citizen of Canada at all times, under all occasions, and on all private and public buildings.

There is in Canada outside of the national emblem, which is the Union Jack, a distinctive flag of the Governor-General and a flag of the Lieutenant-Governor of each province. The former is the Union Jack, having on its centre the arms of Canada surrounded by a wreath of maple leaves, the whole being surmounted by a royal crown. The distinctive flag of the Lieutenant-Governors is the Union Jack, bearing upon it the arms of their respective provinces, surmounted by a garland of maple leaves; but as they are appointed by the Government of the Dominion, and not by the King, the garland is not surrounded by a crown. The experience of British constitutional authority in Canada is symbolized in the Governor-General's flag with its royal crown, its maple leaf garland, and the Canadian coat of arms, as is also a Lieutenant-Governor's flag backed by the Union Jack.

Another flag seen in Canada on certain occasions is the Royal Standard. It is a beautiful banner bearing the royal arms of England, Scotland and Ireland, and is only raised to indicate the royal presence or the presence of some member of the royal family, or in recognition of some special royal day. It was displayed in many cities and towns in Canada during the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Dominion in 1901, and again it was prominent last year at the Quebec Tercentenary celebration, when

the Prince was present and took part in the memorable festivities. The Royal Standard is generally hoisted on parliamentary and legislative buildings on the King's birthday. Being the personal flag of the sovereign it is also raised wherever His Majesty is residing, on certain fortresses and stations, home and foreign, as directed in the royal regulations, but very rarely appears anywhere else in the absence of a member of the royal family. It was, however, put up in Toronto recently on the grounds of the Ontario Iceberg Club in celebration of King Edward's success in winning the Derby, the hoisting occurring at the suggestion of His Excellency the Gov-



A Lieutenant-Governor's Flag
—Quebec

ernor-General, who is the representative of His Majesty in Canada, and was present.

According to "The History of the Union Jack," by Mr. Cumberland, our national flag is "The Union," because it represents the flags of England, Scotland and Ireland united in one design. In 1606—three years after the joining of the thrones of England and Scotland, when King James the Sixth of Scotland became James the First of England, a new flag was created, combining the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George. It was called the "additional" Jack of James the First. This Jack was afterwards

known as the "Union Flagge." By royal proclamation this flag was not intended to take the place of the then existing national Jacks, but was directed to be displayed in addition to and at the same time with the Jack of each nation. This "additional" Jack continued to be used for over a century (with the exception of some temporary changes made by Oliver Cromwell) until the first real Union Jack was created in 1707, in the sixth year of the reign of Queen Anne. Immediately after the union of the English and Scotch Parliaments into one Parliament, a royal proclamation was issued creating "Our Jack" to be used in the United Kingdoms of Great Britain. This flag was the first "Union" Jack. Here the official authority of the separate crosses of St. Andrew and St. George as national flags ceased and the reign of the first Union Jack or Flag began in 1707. For ninety-four years the red cross Irish Jack still continued its solitary existence. It was not until 1801, during the forty-first year of the reign of George the Third, that the Irish Parliament was merged with the union Parliaments of England and Scotland, and the red saltire cross of St. Patrick was blended with the other national crosses, thus creating our Union Jack in its present form. St. Patrick's cross being placed alongside the white Scottish cross of St. Andrew.

It was the College of Arms that invented the Union Jack after the parliamentary union of Ireland to Great Britain. A "King of Arms" was called to give advice to a Privy Council, and he submitted the present design. At this time the flag was a combination of the St. George's cross—a red upright cross on white—and the Cross of St. Andrew—a diagonal white cross on blue. The problem was to add the Cross of St. Patrick—a diagonal red cross on white—and do this in a manner that each cross should have equal prominence.

How this was accomplished may be seen in one of the illustrations, which

shows a correct Union Jack, similar to a water color design in the possession of the College of Arms.

It will be noticed that at the top corner next to the pole the white portion is wider above the red than below, while at the opposite corner this arrangement is reversed.

The reason of this is that the "Dexter chief" in heraldry or in simple language, the place of honor is the top of the flag next the pole and the white cross of St. Andrew was made wide at this place to give it due importance, Scotland being the senior kingdom. It was thought that Ireland might be jealous of this favoritism, so in the opposite corner the red arm of St. Patrick's cross is placed above St. Andrew's. In the first and third quarters the white of Scotland is uppermost, while in the second and fourth divisions the red of Ireland has the precedence. Thus, all things were equalized and national jealousies lulled. The narrow white lines on either side of St. George's cross, and on the outer edge of St. Patrick's, have no meaning. They are placed there only to meet a rule of heraldry that color must not touch color, but be separated by a border of one of the metals—in this case silver—which separates the red color of the crosses from the blue color of the field or ground of the flag. So far as heraldry is concerned, it is not necessary that the flag should be of any particular proportions or shape, though the Admiralty lays down definite rules for its official flags.

The private citizen of Canada who desires to show his patriotism on Dominion Day may be quite satisfied if he obtains a Union Jack one and one-half times as long as its width and with the three crosses placed in the position shown in the illustration. In many specimens of the national flag the white border around the English cross is much too wide. In hoisting the Union Jack, the point to remember is that the wide white arm above the red must be placed next to the top of the pole.

The Simple Adventures of 2112

By HULBERT FOOTNER

From Appleton's Magazine

IF ONE supposes that Fate every once in a while becomes intolerably bored with the multitude of commonplace affairs she is called on to attend to, the explanation of those extraordinary happenings which everyone occasionally hears of becomes clear; Fate being a woman requires diversions.

One velvety night in June she chose the Fannings, father and daughter, for her playthings. Returning to Berklyn from a roof garden party in town followed by supper, their motor broke down in the middle of the bridge. This in itself was out of the common, for an \$8,000 Gaspard is expected to be superior to such eccentricities—but it was nothing to what followed. The trouble proving to be beyond immediate repair, the travelers were compelled to get aboard one of Mr. Fanning's trolley cars, which they never used if it could be avoided, and Fate caused it to fall out that the first car on the Royce Avenue and Emory Street line should be number 2112 with one Dick Warder driving the motor.

Now Warder was a Yale junior and these do not commonly spend their vacations driving trolley cars. The present situation arose from the fact that young Dick and old Dick, his father, were at temporary variance on a matter of no importance to this narrative, and young Dick had chosen to show his independence of the authority, fame, and fortune of his household by getting such a position as would be most shocking to old Dick

for the period of the long vacation. Thanks to University and other festivities the young man and Alisa Fanning were not unacquainted, out of which fact arose all that followed.

Dick recognized the Fannings, but he could not be sure whether Alisa had recognized him: probably not. At any rate she led her father up to the front of the car and sat down not three feet from Dick's conscious back. The front door stood open and by edging a little to one side of his platform he could steal a glance at her over his shoulder now and then. She was a sight to rejoice a young man's eyes. It will probably be remarked that stealing glances over his shoulder is not the safest thing for a motorman at his controller, and the fact is not denied. Adding to this that Dick had been a motorman for nine days only, and the wonder is that nothing worse happened.

Young Warder was naturally entirely ignorant of the intricacies of vast sprawling Berklyn, which embraces half a dozen good-sized towns within the sweep of its trolley system, excepting Royce Avenue and Emory Street, his own route—and the latter thoroughfare only as far as the car barns. A suburban line carried the tracks beyond; what happened to them after they dipped over the first hill, it had never occurred to him to inquire. "Rururban," the Fanning's place, was not far from the barns.

Dick started old 2112 with a jerk which sent the passengers rocking against each other. Mr. Fanning was

very indignant, and audibly requested his daughter to take down the motorman's number, his own eyesight being poor. It was an inauspicious beginning to the ride, and there was worse to come. 2112 was both disreputable and decrepit; her iron front was a mass of rusty dents; her dingy sides bore the scratches and holes of many a brisk engagement with laden trucks; as for her ailments, not only was she a sufferer from the prevailing fluke-wheel of her kind, but she had likewise a mysterious internal lesion, which caused her to set up a pitiful screech whenever the current was turned on. It was the very last car that would have been chosen to convey the president of the road.

The stout old gentleman was of a dourness tendency; nothing irritated him so much as having his naps interrupted. He was in a very bad temper already from the breakdown of his motor, and the uncanny howling of 2112 further exasperated him. He was heard to tell his daughter to remind him to see Cousen, the superintendent of rolling stock, next day. But the climax of his irritation was reached when Abey Harris, a typically untidy, searabic, little specimen of the genus conductor, failing to recognize him, demanded "feh?" Dick, turning, saw the old gentleman, purple in the face, searching vainly in the pockets of his evening clothes for a dime. He quickly put Abey right; and the bell-pull beat a precipitate retreat to the rear platform. Alisa rewarded Dick with a grateful smile; he was sure now that she recognized him; and old 2112, leaving the bride, took Royce Avenue "under five notches."

The passengers alighted one by one during their long course on this street, until besides the Fannings there was but one other, a nervous maiden lady with a sallow complexion and a striking hat, tall like a tower and fearfully green. Her destination was Bevernack Avenue.

"I have to change at the car house," she had announced more than

once to the passengers at large; also mentioning that she had never been out so late alone in her life. Meanwhile, old Mr. Fanning had disposed himself to resume his nap, and the motorman was casting around in his mind for some expedient whereby he might take advantage of such a rare opportunity. Suddenly Warder heard a soft voice behind him say:

"I suppose it's against the rules to speak to the motorman?"

Dick looked over his shoulder and smiled. "There are no spotters out at two o'clock in the morning," he said, "except your father, and he's asleep!"

"What a strange way for us to meet again!" she murmured.

"I've been hoping it might happen!" Dick confessed.

She steered the conversation into a safer channel and presently they were embarked in a spirited, whispered discussion of the Junior Prom, the latest popular book, and equally important subjects, while old 2112 hobbled past corner after corner, unheeded. It is not the subject of these delightful conversations which counts; that may be trivial to the point of insanity, while all the time the interchange of shining glances and friendly smiles is making the best kind of a poem.

But such a conversation is a dangerous pastime for the man at the controller. They were drawing nearer and nearer to the branching of Emory Street, where 2112 should leave the main line for her own route, and there was none to remind him. The switchman at this point goes off duty at midnight; thereafter the motorman must stop and turn his own switch; as for the little bell pull, who was technically supposed to be in command, wedged between the brake and the controller box on the rear platform, Abey Harris was enjoying a nap in imitation of the president. The street was wholly deserted. When they actually reached the fateful corner, Alisa happened to be telling Dick how she had watched

him through the Thanksgiving day game; and the gratified young man's mind was lifted far above mundane rails. Old 2112 bumped indifferently over the switch—it was all the same to her—and sped on down Royce Avenue, while the motorman desisted to his fair passenger how he made his forty-five-yard run in the same historic game.

Some minutes later Warder was brought sharply back to earth, together with everyone else on the car, by a strange rumble, followed by a muffled roar, some distance away in the direction of town. The maiden lady remarked she had a premonition something was going to happen that night. As it turned out she was not wrong. Old Mr. Fanning woke up with a start, and discussed with his daughter what the strange noise might portend. Alisa advised him to wait for the morning paper. It was while Alisa was devoting herself to her father that Dick's eyes returned to the track ahead; with a shock he perceived that the street was totally unfamiliar. The great new Atlantic storage warehouse, a landmark for many blocks up and down Emory Street, was nowhere to be seen. Too late he recollected the switch.

Little Abey came hurrying through the car, with his change jangling in his pocket.

"Yeh run by Emory Street near a mile back!" he announced to Dick as if he had known it all along.

His triumphant tone was exasperating. "Why in thunder didn't you tell me?" muttered Dick.

"Get I t'ought yeh knew w'ere yeh was goin'!" said Abey, calmly. "It's up to you to run her back, all right, all right."

Dick brought his car to a stop and leaned out to look back over the track. Alas! not four blocks behind 2112 a car of the Royce Ave. through line was bearing down on him effectually cutting off his retreat. He put on full power and ran ahead, trusting to find a switch to the returning track. The next time he

looked, the car behind had perceptibly gained on him; doubtless it was in a better state of health than old 2112; and the motorman discovering a car ahead where no car should have been at that hour, was anxious, very likely, to learn what was up.

Old Mr. Fanning having fallen asleep again, Dick told Alisa what had happened.

"What fun!" she said, and laughed in sheer delight; what girl worth her salt is there who does not rejoice in the prospect of an adventure? "Don't let it overtake us!" she urged with sparkling eyes; "it would be so humiliating to have to explain that we missed our way!"

That "we" was like a strong tonic in Dick's veins; he felt able to overthrow a dozen men for her sake. Unfortunately not all his ardor could extract a single additional mile per hour from 2112; she pounded along at her own gait; not a jot more or less. The most Dick could do to overcome this handicap was to take the curves recklessly and run the down grades at full speed. But the pursuing car overhauled them hand over hand; Alisa's face fell and Dick was plunged in gloom.

He knew nothing about the draw-bridge over the Flatwick canal, of course; and took the long down grade approaching it at the top notch. At the bottom of the hill old 2112 must have been making a good thirty miles an hour. It happened the gates were just closing preparatory to opening the draw for the passage of a coal barge; a semaphore in the sidewalk showed a red light; but Dick, associating red lights with locomotives, failed to appreciate that they might be used to stop trolley cars also, 2112 with her flat wheel came tearing down the hill like a syncoated cyclone; there was a shout from the bridge tender; a crash as she carried away the first gate; a roar as she leaped across the bridge; another crash as the opposite gate went by to board. She sped on up the hill with scarcely diminished speed.

The maiden lady screamed. Mr. Fanning started up violently; he was not fated to sleep in peace this night.

"What was that?" he demanded.

"Perhaps a fuse blew out," suggested Ailsa with instant presence of mind.

"More like a thirteen-inch gun!" snorted the old gentleman.

"I suspect you were dreaming, father dear," said Ailsa, sweetly.

"Aren't we nearly there?" he demanded, striving vainly to peer into the darkness outside the window.

"Oh, not nearly!" said Ailsa with perfect truth.

Since they continued to run along as smoothly as was possible for 2112, he began to think he had been dreaming, and by and by he dropped off again muttering something about an "investigation to-morrow." The maiden lady was in a state of partial collapse.

The pursuing car was held up perforce by the red light and the wreckage they had strewn behind them; and 2112 gained a precious two blocks. On the other hand, their retreat by this street was now effectually cut off; they could scarcely hope to return unchallenged over the bridge they had treated so cavalierly. Indeed his situation looked so entirely hopeless, Dick saw small use in worrying about it further; and became quite light-hearted. "Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he thought, privately determining to make the devilish ride last as long as he could.

Half way up the hill beyond the bridge, Dick made out the figure of a man waiting in the roadway, who signalled him to stop. He sounded his gong and kept on, but this determined passenger, experienced in the ways of motormen, stepped squarely in the centre of the track; and Dick was compelled to slow up to avoid committing homicide. The man swung himself on the front platform.

"Where does this car go to?" he demanded.

"Hanged if I know!" said Dick,

cheerfully. "The never-never land, I guess."

The man stared at him a moment—he was young and he wore a dinner coat and straw hat—then threw back his head and laughed. "That suits me!" he said; "I've been looking for the route!"

By this pause they lost some of the lead they had gained at the bridge, and on the stiff grade the pursuing car walked right up on 2112, who at her age was no hill-climber. At the top of the hill they had scarcely a block to the good; and Dick, despairing of a second lucky accident, thought he saw the end of their gay journey very close ahead. He fancied he could hear over all the noise of the car, the other motorman shouting to him to stop, and he had no doubt that the outraged bridge tender was also on board seeking explanations.

"They haven't got us yet," whispered Ailsa encouragingly.

Topping the hill they plunged down the other side, losing sight of their pursuers for the moment. Royce Avenue bears away to the left on this hill; and there is a curve in the tracks; a side street continues straight and steeply down. Dick was in no humor to slow up for curves; he took this one flying; whereupon Fate again intervened on behalf of the lovers. Old 2112 cleared the rails with scarcely a jolt, and holding a straight course, traveled smoothly down the asphalt of the side street, lights out.

The old man stirred in his seat and murmured: "Good piece of track here." The maiden lady was plunged in a fresh panic at the darkening of the lights; and the green hat wagged symptomatically of impending hysteria; however, the man in the dinner coat constituted himself her protector.

The pursuing car promptly rose over the hill; and taking the curve more prudently, bore away out of sight down Royce Avenue, the motorman and the angry bridge tender little suspecting that 2112 was con-

cealed in the shadows of the side street. But for all they had shaken their pursuers off, the situation of 2112 without rails or power could scarcely be said to have much improved. "The jig is up now!" thought Dick with an unpleasant mental picture of waking the old man up and telling him where he was—or rather where he was not. However, there was no use stopping until he had to; he allowed 2112 to roll down the centre of the street, under curb of the brake. A belated homecomer turning at his own gate and beholding the dark bulk of the car quietly dropping down his little street, with a shadowy motorman at the box and the dim forms of passengers within, fled into his domicile and slammed the door behind him, as if the whole host of Hades was at his heels.

At the foot of the hill, under an electric light on the corner, Dick suddenly perceived the glint of steel; and his heart rose with a bound. Another line of rails crossed the street obliquely. "If we can only get her on there!" he whispered to Ailsa with a crazy hope.

Calculating his momentum nicely, he struck the rails a glancing blow; and, as he had counted, 2112 slewed around parallel with the line. Swinging the trolley on the wire they had plenty of power again; and with the steel shoe they carried, they worked to get her on the rails.

In the course of their efforts the old man woke up again, but in his present state of exasperation was quite pleased to learn they had jumped the track; and promised himself to take it out of Coulson. It never occurred to him, of course, that they might be putting her on a different track from that she had jumped; and the information was not volunteered.

2112 took the new rails without much difficulty and presently they were speeding gaily down the line into the unknown. From the character of its construction it was clear this had originally been a steam railroad; they were taken straight into the country,

leaving the streets and houses far behind. With heavier rails and more power the going was easier, and the old man slept so blissfully, Ailsa ventured to stand in the doorway, where she and Dick could talk face to face. On such a line as this 2112 needed but little attention from the motorman. A wasted moon was climbing the eastern sky; the woods and fields were bathed in a pale, misty radiance; and there was a delicious cool earthiness on the breeze. Ailsa and Dick had not so much to say to each other now; it was sufficient to be together on the platform. It was little they were caring where the ride ended, so it did not end too soon.

By and by the first pale streaks of dawn showed in the east; and Dick began to feel the anxieties of responsibility again. As they passed through a suburb, he saw ahead, idly swinging his club under the electric light on the station, a policeman. Feeling that it was due his passengers that he make some inquiries, he stopped his car opposite the officer and said politely:

"Will you please tell me where I am?"

The mouth of the bluecoat dropped open at this unexpected question and his eyes bulged. "Wh-what!" he stammered.

"What place is this?" asked Dick.

The bewildered officer's eyes traveled to the Emory Street sign on Dick's car. "What in thunder are yer doin' out here?" he demanded.

"Oh, never mind that now," said Dick impatiently; "just tell me where I am, please."

"There's something wrong here!" pronounced the guardian of the peace with remarkable perspicacity.

Away down the line Dick heard the toot of an air whistle. Thinking of the cruel disparity between the big, heavily-motored cars that run on suburban lines and his own decrepit 2112, he fairly lost his temper. "Can't you answer a civil question?" he demanded.

"This needs lookin' into," said the

wise policeman; "you better come along with me, young man." He put his foot on the step.

"Sorry, old chap, but I can't stop, really," said Dick, anxious to be polite. He placed a foot squarely against the blue chest below him, and driving out his leg, sent the representative of the law reeling across the platform. As he disappeared over the other side there was a loud and unexpected splash—there had been a great deal of rain.

"Our goose is cooked now!" said Dick ruefully to Ailsa, as 2012 gathered speed again. "He'll telephone down the line. I should have kidnapped him!"

Meanwhile the big car behind was gaining on them. The next toot was appreciably nearer; and looking back they could see the flash of a searchlight over the hills. But Dick took heart in the thought that a stern chase is necessarily a long one; and put his car to the curves and bridges at a rate of speed that caused the maiden lady to utter little screams of fright.

"I'm sure that this is not the way to Beverwyck Avenue," she moaned.

The gallant young man in the dinner coat hastened to reassure her.

The car behind, after a pause to pick up the discomfited policeman, started after them in good earnest, tooting wildly to alarm the countryside. However, they had a long start, and 2012 was going strong. The eyes of the youthful pair on the front platform were shining with excitement. By and by they heard an answering toot from far down the line ahead. Ailsa turned to Dick questioningly.

"Closing in on us from both sides," he said with an attempt at carelessness. "If I can find a place to put you and your father off before they arrest me, it'll be all right."

"I stick by the car," said Ailsa briefly—and Dick glowed.

Rounding a curve he was suddenly discovered to see a railroad crossing a short distance ahead, with a freight

train lying squarely across the track, the engine taking water at a tank beyond. There they were effectually blocked; while all the time the tooting down the line drew closer and closer! It was maddening! Dick brought his car to a stop and leaping off, ran toward the engine. Ailsa following him, careless now whether her father should wake.

"I say, old man!" cried Dick to the engineer, "for Heaven's sake pull out quick! I'm in the Dickens of a fix!"

"What's the matter, lad?" said the old Scotsman with exasperating unconcern.

"I've lost my way!" Dick blurted out. "I've built a bridge; I've assaulted a policeman; and I've got the president of the line on board!"

The engineer whistled. "Lost, eh?" he said, reflectively.

Dick groaned in his impatience.

"I'm the president's daughter," added Ailsa in her most winning manner. "He hasn't done anything really wrong. Please help us!"

The old man stared hard at this love apparition shaping itself out of the darkness. He looked from one to the other of the strangely assorted pair, the motorman in his blue uniform, the girl in her evening draperies; finally his eyes began to twinkle. His deliberations did not take five seconds in reality; though to Ailsa and Dick with their pursuers pounding down the line, it seemed more like an hour. Suddenly he said:

"There's an old switch here, from the trolley tracks to our rails. Run your car back a little piece, sonny, and open it for us. I'll back down and we'll hitch your car to the caboose with rope. I'll take you back to town, my dears."

Before he had finished speaking his engine was under way. Running back with renewed hopes they easily found the switch; under a heavy growth of weeds it was still intact. The freight train, which was not a long one, backed down to meet them, and Dick with feverish haste helped

a brakeman lash 2012 to the tail of the caboose. Momentarily they expected to see the searchlight of the suburban car swing around the curve. Fortunately old Mr. Fanning remained dead to the world; Ailsa watched him. As for the maiden lady, goodness knows what she thought was going on, but the man in the dinner coat was a person of great resource.

They had no more than started before the suburban car was upon them. Brake had barely time to close the switch and run, before the rays of the searchlight fell upon the spot. That very searchlight proved their salvation; dazzled by its rays, the motorman could see neither to the right nor left of the switch it cut in the darkness; it just missed 2012 and they were safe from discovery.

The suburban car swept past them not twenty yards away; they could see all hands, including the drenched policeman, straining their eyes ahead. They bumped over the crossing and continued up the line; a little beyond, the other car hove in view and the two cars came to a stop abreast of each other. Ailsa and Dick, traveling downwards, laughed to think of the mystified consultation that would be taking place.

"What would I have done if it hadn't been for you?" murmured the maiden lady to the man in the dinner coat.

The good-natured engineer shunted them back to the trolley tracks, through the depot of the Interurban express company on the outskirts of town. The express company utilizes both the steam railroad and the trolley tracks for its cars. Appearing from nowhere, as it were, 2012 rolled through the depot. Abey swung the pole on the wire. Dick turned on the power, and 2012 gathered way down the street, leaving the expressmen rubbing their eyes and wondering, like a good many others that night, if there was a phantom trolley car abroad.

They ran down a gradual incline toward a long, low building which

had somehow a familiar look to Dick. That young man, it may be mentioned, was feeling tolerably anxious as to the final outcome of his adventure. To his great astonishment he suddenly recognized in the low building the Emory Street car barn; but seen from the other side. As he drew up before it, a little knot of employees was standing listening gravely to one reading from a newspaper. This was natural enough; but Dick was surprised to see the black mourning bunting carried out, preparatory to being tacked to the front of the building.

O'Hara, the starrer, catching sight of Dick, turned a sickly color, and clutched the man nearest. "Look! Look!" he gasped. Every eye was turned that way.

When he saw Dick step off his car like real flesh and blood, O'Hara plucked up a little courage and approached him.

"For the love of Heaven, Warder, how did you get through? Is the old man all right?"

"Sound as a rivet!" said Dick.

"How did you get through?" repeated O'Hara. "We thought sure you were caught in the smash!"

"Oh, I found a way out," said Dick warily—wondering greatly what else was in the wind. "What does the paper say?" he asked carelessly.

It was thrust at him; and the headlines conveyed instant information.

"Famous building falls! Unfinished structure of the Atlantic Storage Company collapses in Emory Street! Trolley car 2012 missing, with John Fanning and daughter aboard! Believed to be buried in the ruins!"

"Father! Father!" exclaimed the quick-witted Ailsa, reading this over Dick's shoulder. "The brave motorman has saved all our lives!"

"Dear! Dear! Bless my soul!" murmured the sleepy old gentleman. "He's a Yale man," added Ailsa irreverently.

"Ask him up," said her father handsomely.

How to Develop Executive Power

By LEE FRANCIS LYBARGER
From The Business Philosopher

WILL, POWER and executive ability are so closely connected that neither of them can be considered alone. While executive ability is the broader term, yet will-power is its foundation. Executive ability rests upon two things: Intellect and will. And even one corner of the structure called Will rests upon the Intellect. You cannot increase your executive ability without increasing your will-power. And both depend in their growth upon a keener intellectual grasp and discrimination.

Will-power may be said to consist in two things: Choice and Volition. In other words, Will consists, first, in the power to make a choice, to form a decision, to lay a plan; and, second, in that "persistence of effort" which attains the realization of the choice. The first process forms the conception; the second carries it into execution. The first decides what is to be done; the second does it. The results of the first process of Will is represented by the "plans and specifications" of a building; the results of the second, by the completed structure itself.

Rhodes says, "To will is to choose in order to act." And so the first element of will-power is the capacity to choose, to decide, to elect, to pick, make a choice, form a plan, reach a conclusion, come to a decision. And I find that Webster makes this the only function of the Will. He defines it thus: The power of choosing; the faculty or endowment of the soul by which it is capable of choosing; the

faculty or power of the mind by which it decides to do or not to do; the power or faculty of preferring or selecting one of two or more objects."

And to this power of choice I have added, as the second element, that power and "persistence of effort" which continues until the choice, or decision, is attained. And this second element of Will I have designated Volition, notwithstanding the fact that Webster makes Volition and Will practically synonymous. But here are clearly two processes instead of one: (1) I decide to go (2) And I go. And since different things should have different names, I have labeled the one Choice and the other Volition.

The making of a definite choice lies at the foundation of a strong will. There must be something to do before we can do it. To choose means to decide between two or more alternatives. Choice is that power of the mind which enables it to feel and express a preference between two or more persons, plans, or objects. A strong will enables the individual to form a decided preference, even when no decided preference exists in his mind.

And the opposite of the power of choice is Indecision. When the individual is unable to decide, when he is unable to make up his mind as to which course to pursue, when he hesitates, doubts, wavers, oscillates—reaching first one conclusion and then another—we have the first element

of a weak will. And so the first foe to great will-power is indecision—and a colossal foe it is. Hesitancy, confusion, doubt, indecision, and fear ultimately end in defeat and failure.

Few people have a developed power of choice. The moment the individual takes up the consideration of two or more alternatives, and begins to picture the possibility of each, his mind becomes so confused with conflicting wants, ideas, wishes, possibilities, as to paralyze the Will. And the difficulty may arise from one of four things: First, because he does not know definitely his own mind in the matter. Second, because of his inability to picture vividly to his mind the different results which would follow from the different courses, in order that he might know which result he most preferred. Third, because the contrasts between them are so great that he cannot get a common basis of comparison. And fourth, because of the reverse condition—the resemblance is so close that there is no preference in his mind. And without preference there can be no choice.

The second element of Will is Volition—the power of persistence of effort in the enforcement of a decision. Persistence of effort, dogged determination, indomitable resolution, steadfastness of purpose, untiring perseverance, unwavering persistence, unconquerable zeal in the pursuit of some object, perennial enthusiasm in carrying out some plan of action—these are the supreme tests of a developed, masterful will.

Men of great volition have gone persistently onward in the course which they mapped out. Nothing could stop their onward movement. There was opposition. There was danger. There were obstacles. There were criticisms. There were seemingly insurmountable difficulties. But they marched onward, right on, as steadily and royally as if these things did not exist. The greater the opposition the greater the possibilities for the joys

of resistance. And yet there cannot be persistence of effort without persistence of Will.

The time element is the great element of Volition. There are millions of people who can persist in the enforcement of a decision for a little while—a few minutes, a few hours, a few days, a few weeks. But when it comes to persisting in a given effort, when it comes to keeping at the same thing, for months and years, and even decades, the matter is wholly different. Only men and women of heroic will can do this.

Did conditions remain as they are when the choice is made—when the plan of action is decided upon—it would be easy to carry it into execution. But conditions do not remain the same. They are transient and unstable. Even thoughts and feelings, emotions and sentiments, are continuously changing. In fact, the whole surroundings soon become different. These are the dire facts which crush so many resolutions. And then when the determined plan of action runs through weeks and months and even years—with all their changes in feelings, thoughts, sentiments and conditions—we see why it is that so few men are able to conduct great enterprises. They have not the will-power for such a colossal and continuous task. Their volitional energy is too soon exhausted. They lack both the genius to plan and the persistence of effort to execute.

While we have made Will consist of two processes, Choice and Volition, yet there are innumerable circumstances in life in which but the one element is present. And that is the element of Choice. Nothing more is required than to make a decision. There are no commands to be obeyed, no resolutions to be carried out, no path to be followed, no plans to be executed. All that is required is the making of a choice, the forming of a decision, the reaching of a conclusion.

This first element of Will, and of executive ability, is developed in but

comparatively few people. In most things in life I am convinced that people do not make a choice. They are not "the architects of their own fortune." They are not their own pilots in the voyage of life. They do not elect their career. They do not pick out the path they are to travel. In short, they do not choose; they simply drift. That which they are now doing they did not plan to do. The path they are now traveling was not of their choosing. And the place they now live in was not of their choice. They did not select it. It seems to have selected them.

And I think this holds true in most of the facts of life. There was no choice, no option, no election, no preference, no will in the matter. No alternatives were presented. They had no chance to either choose or refuse. They simply took the only opportunity offered. What else could they do? But that was not choosing. And man becomes an individual and a personality, and the master of his own fate and fortune, just to the extent that he rises out of this condition, just to the extent that he increases the facts and conditions and relations in life which are of his own choice, will, and preference.

There is a second class of things in which, while they had the opportunity to choose, they had not the capacity to make a choice. They could not come to any conclusion. They could not make up their minds to either choose or refuse, accept or reject, go or stay. And while they thus hesitated, wavered, doubted, consulted, delayed, the opportunity to choose went by. And so it was not choice but necessity that put them into the path they now travel. And they entered upon it as if in the confusion and hesitancy of a dream, walking backwards.

It is always possible—and usually painful—to look back over the highway of life and see where the roads forked. And while seeing clearly the one we took, we also realize that it was not of our choosing. We prob-

ably had no choice in the matter. Or if we had, we now realize that while we were debating as to which road we would take, the opportunity to choose went by and blind Necessity pushed us into the road we now travel. In the midst of the mental confusion—caused by indecision, hesitancy and doubt—Fate picked our path for us. And at most of the cross-roads of life, perhaps, this fact holds true.

And then there is a third class of things—or of lines of destiny—in which, while we had a chance to choose—and did choose, yet the choice we made did not represent our actual preference in the matter. The things we took were not the ones we most wanted—perhaps did not want at all. Why, then, did we take them? Why did we make such a choice? That is a question which we will go on asking all through life. And should too many such questions accumulate in the course of a life-time, they will crush the very heart out of us.

I am convinced that so feeble is the power of choice in most people, and so undeveloped in their capacity to make a decision—especially one which actually corresponds to their real feelings—that in many things in life, if not in most things, they did not choose the things they most desired to do, nor pick the course they most desired to follow. But having made the choice, they are bound to abide by it. All through life they will be carrying out contracts, meeting obligations and slaving to complete enterprises which, though of their own choosing, were not of their choice. Their decision did not represent their preference.

It is not so easy to say why this is so. And yet we can find some clue to this strange fact in that Puritanic effort—begun way back in infancy—to crush out of us the little individuality and self-assertion which may have been germinating there. We were taught never to take the largest apple, never to take the biggest piece of cake, never to take the choicest

slice, never to take that which we most desired of anything. That must always be left for somebody else. And so from infancy onward the effort has been made to establish in us the habit of never taking the thing we most desired to take. And the effort has been sadly successful. And yet it is only men of pre-eminent self-assertion, men who see the choicest things and then grab them for themselves, men who prefer self and their own comfort or profit over that of others, who make the great successes in life.

There is yet another reason why one should make a choice which does not represent his actual preference. It arises from a false conception of self-control. Many people, in their enthusiastic attempt to conquer their feelings and emotions and reduce them to absolute subjection, have succeeded even to the point of their extermination. They have controlled their emotions so effectually and so continuously that there is really nothing left to control. Within the wide realm of their being there is not a normal, spontaneous feeling.

It is natural for mankind to go to extremes. And no greater extreme can be conceived than the idea that the satisfaction of every desire is to be checked, that every want is to be denied, every impulse crushed, and every passion strangled. The opposite extreme—though still an extreme—is nearer the truth. All normal, natural desires should be—must be—satisfied, if life is to be perpetuated. Expression and not repression, is the law of life. If the strong and cultured Will closes some avenues for the outflow of nervous energy, it is simply to open and enlarge more effectual ones. And so self-assertion is indispensable to life and happiness.

II.

Traits of Developed Choice.

Of the two elements constituting Will—choice and that persistence of effort which brings about a realization of the choice—we need to note in reference to a highly developed

power of choosing several important characteristics. First, the capability to actually make a choice—a decisive, fixed, definite choice. And the decision must not be partial, but whole, entire, complete. It must be an actual, positive, decisive choice. And so far as possible, the choice should be consciously made. We should realize that we are rendering a decision—consciously linking our lives in the chain of destiny.

Second, the choice, when made should represent our actual feelings. It should be the expression of our predominant desires. I hold that the Will, in choosing, should be a servant and not a dictator, a slave and not a master.

Third, having chosen one of several alternatives, all the rest should be banished from the mind. The man of developed power of choice may hesitate long; yet having picked one plan from the many, the many will be forgotten. His mind is now as free from their influence as if they never had been. Doubt is over. Hesitancy is over. "The die is cast."

And here we have one of the great psychic elements which distinguishes the man of executive ability from the common man. That foe to all action—regret—does not reach him. He will hesitate, doubt, compare, discriminate, speculate, and reconsider before a choice is made—but not afterwards. But the man of inferior executive ability—though having made a decision, though having picked his course—keeps on comparing, deciding, doubting and picking. And though having decided over and over many times, he still hesitates in the execution for fear of a mistake in the planning, for fear that he has blundered in the choice.

But the man with a trained will, having decided once, never turns back—never reconsiders. He says to his memory in reference to any other choice he might have made "forget it." Before making the choice he saw many roads that he might take. But after making it he sees but one.

But this one road he intends shall lead to victory. Faith, firmness, concentration, and decisiveness have taken the place of indecision, confusion, and doubt.

Fourth, having made a choice, having decided upon a plan, we must have the courage to stand by it. The man of high executive ability is not terrified, as is the average man, by the fact of a mistake—and the probability of more to follow. He is not frightened to death because of a failure. His teeming activities are not paralyzed because of a blunder. Defeat to him is nothing more than delay. He regards nothing as final but achievement, success—victory.

Does the successful man never make mistakes? He does. Does he never choose the wrong course? Sometimes. Does he never blunder in his decisions? Often. How, then, does he succeed? First, by having a predominance of correct decisions. Second, by enforcing these with unerring precision and celerity of movement. Vigor, confidence, firmness, and promptness of execution are a great aid even to bad judgment. Better a poor plan well executed, than a good plan poorly executed.

Your man of high executive ability, of developed power of choice, of keen capacity in the forming of a plan, knows that he will make many mistakes, many blunders, many errors, many bad decisions. He knows that after the work is all done he will see numerous places where it could have been better. But what of it? Life is as much in the striving as in the gaining, in the effort as in the reward, in the sowing as in the reaping. The old maxim said, "There is more pleasure in pursuit than there is in possession."

The man devoid of a developed will—though tortured with ambition—spends most of his time in vain regrets. The seeing of a better way to have done the work, the discovery of a better plan which might have been taken, or the finding of a better route, fills him beyond endurance with the

pangs of regret. Many people have acquired—or inherited—the habit of regretting absolutely everything they do. The thing they lost is always more important than the thing they gained. They never can fearlessly face the future because of regrets for the past. To them are the words of Whitier most true that

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'it might
have been.'"

Of the wavering, indecisive, irresolute hero in the beautiful poem of Lucile, we are told that "whatever he did he was sure to regret."

"With irresolute finger he knocked
at each one

Of the doorways of life, and abided
in none.

His course, by each star that would
cross it, was set,

And whatever he did he was sure
to regret."

The choice made by a man of executive ability is conclusive. It is final—ultimate. He does not make the decision over and over again. Once is enough. It is then a matter of having the courage to enforce it. Having decided upon a plan, he passes immediately to the means of its execution. He does not waste all his energy in reconsiderations. Having decided he now acts, and acts vigorously.

The successful man knows but little of regrets, care but little for past failures, and broods but little over the blunders he has made. And he could not be successful if he did.

And yet it is not because he never fell down that he is now up, but simply because he would not stay down. It may have been another's fault that he fell. It would have been his own had he lain there. His final success came not because he did not blunder, but because he did not keep his attention constantly on his blunders. He dwelt upon these simply long enough to find the cause, so as not to make the same mistake twice. Once is

enough. One should have variety even in his blunders. And so while the eyes of the one were fixed on failure, those of the other were fixed constantly on success.

A fifth characteristic of the power of a developed choice is definiteness. A plan clearly, vividly, and intensely conceived is already half executed. The choice must not only be decisive but incisive. When the plan lacks the quality of definiteness, when it is uncertain, vague and foggy—indistinct in outline and uncertain as to detail—a swift and vigorous execution is impossible. And so before there can be speed and accuracy of execution, there must be definiteness of planning. And the more definite, distinct, exact, and clear-cut the choice or decision. The easier its execution. A plan of action possessing such qualities will almost execute itself.

A sixth characteristic of a developed power to choose is promptness of decision. While the whole field should be carefully surveyed before the choice is made, while every alternative should be examined and the possibilities of each considered; yet it must be recognized that time is an element in the making of a choice. All things are in motion. Even the planet on which we live, and the sun around which it revolves, is moving. Our time is always limited. Even life is limited. And on many a hard-fought field promptness of decision turned defeat into victory.

I think it holds true that men possessing great promptness and decisiveness of decision were men strongly given to meditation. They had the imaginative power to picture nearly all possible contingencies, and thus to decide beforehand what they would do under each one. Their prompt decisions were the product of premeditation. In their solitary wanderings and musings they were picturing, dreaming, speculating, conjecturing as to the possibilities which might arise. And so to have promptness of decision accompanied by ac-

curey, there must be forethoughts and premeditation.

And yet I must recognize the fact that we always have the extremes. Every important law of life is a contradiction—a paradox. It always requires the possession of two conflicting processes. And so it is here. At the one extreme is the man who does not reflect in advance. He seizes upon the first plan which comes into his mind, forms a definite, fixed, unchangeable resolution, and proceeds immediately to action—and to vigorous action at that. His decisions are made quickly, and his action follows instantly. If the choice happens to be right, he is "wina bag." If it happens to be wrong, he is "down and out." Here we have promptness of decision. But it lacks in accuracy and reliability.

At the other extreme is the man who reflects long and often, who takes everything into consideration, who goes over the whole field—not once but many times; who pictures every possibility, every contingency, and every danger arising from each course. He considers not simply one plan but many plans. But the trouble is that he has taken so many things into consideration, has pictured so many different plans, and sees so many different ways by which it could be done, that he cannot decide upon any. The difference between them is so slight that he has no preference. And without a preference there cannot be a choice. But the great executive character has the will to make a choice when no preference exists. And so he is a combination of the powers and capacities of both—with the defects of neither.

Promptness of decision was one of the great elements in the success of Abraham Lincoln. He displayed but little doubt and hesitation. When the time came to make a decision he decided, and decided promptly, clearly, and conclusively. And so there must usually be promptness and decisiveness in the forming of a plan as well as in its execution.

The seventh, and last, trait of a developed power of choosing to be here mentioned, is that the choice, or plan, when made, must be unmovable. The choice must become a permanent part of the nervous system, a fixed structure of the brain. The choice, the plan, the resolution, must be fixed, firm, substantial—immovable.

The decision, when made, must be formed of such firmness of mental fiber that it will not dissolve into fragments and shreds when nervous energy is poured into it. It must be able to withstand the conflicts of contending emotions and weather the storms of passion intact.

Some people's plans, decisions, and resolutions are but little more than "dissolving views." And yet it is only when a determination has solidified and crystallized into a conviction that it can be made the foundation for great achievements.

Few writers in discussing will-power and executive ability, make any reference to the intellectual element. They attribute entirely too much to strength of volition, pure and simple, and too little to the intellect. And yet there cannot be great executive ability without the possession of a great intellect. Intellect is at the foundation of choice, and choice is at the foundation of Will.

It is true that many of our greatest executive characters, that many of our greatest military generals and industrial captains were not men of high education—and often had scarcely any education at all. And this is particularly true of our industrial captains. But this is not saying that they were not men of high intelligence, for they were—and are. Intellect is one thing. Education is quite another. There cannot be great executive ability without power of organization. And there cannot be great capacity for organization without a high order of intelligence.

Persistence of purpose, doggedness of determination, unconquerableness of will and resolution—all these are

of little avail if the choice is erroneous, if the decision is a blunder. Writers on successful men will tell you of their will-power, of their self-denial, of their unquenchable purpose, of their unflinching persistence. Yet these elements alone never made a successful man, though no man could well make a great success without them. Thousands of men have failed who had all these virtues. These qualities avail but little if the man is following some delusion, some "pipe dream," some phantom of the brain, some unrealizable and impossible enterprise. In fact they are positive disadvantages when guided wrong by the intellect, because they prevent their stubborn and persistent possessor from seeing things as they are.

Tennyson's famous poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," is a case in point. Their heroic fighting, their stubborn persistence, their undying courage but accomplished their own defeat.

Great men and successful men and leaders of men had something besides will-power and dogged determination. What was it? Intellect. In making the choice they had the wisdom and the mental vision to choose the right thing, take the right plan, to select the right course instead of the wrong. They not only had the power of choosing, but of choosing right. They had the imagination which enabled them to foresee ultimate results. They saw the end from the beginning. And so true was their vision, so sound was their judgment, so exact was their inference, that what they saw only with the eyes of the imagination they afterwards saw with the eyes of the senses.

No combination of Will and pluck can long preserve ice at a temperature above 32 degrees. Will has never yet been able to abolish the laws of nature, nor to rise above them. No persistence of effort has ever been able to achieve the impossible. Only by the toil and persistence of years have men been able to bring forth

great inventions. But other men have given the same toil and persistence and brought forth practically nothing. Why? Not because they lacked power of Will but power of invention. Scores of men have given their lives in the vain endeavor to invent "perpetual motion." And so it requires greatness of intellect as well as of Will for great and lasting achievements.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the greatest and most completely-developed executive character the human race has produced. His power of Will, his unconquerable resolution, his pluck and audacity have become a part of history. But the one thing which made Napoleon possible—and without which he could not have been as history knows him—was Intellect. He had a giant mind as well as a giant Will. He could see beyond the utmost vision of his associates. His imperial power was made possible by a peerless combination of Intellect and Will. His decisions were almost unerring, even though made with lightning-like rapidity amidst the stir and confusion of battle. And so there cannot be greatness of executive ability without greatness of Intellect.

There is also an emotional element that is indispensable in order to form prompt and final decisions—and still keep the mind free from anxiety and regret—and that is the element of Courage. Indecision, confusion, and perplexity may have two general causes: deficient intelligence and deficient courage. I have already spoken of the one and must now briefly allude to the other.

Anxiety rests upon fear. And fear is the opposite of courage. Granted sufficient courage and fear is impossible. That much is axiomatic. And when you have banished fear from the mind—if you only could—you have banished a whole family of foes to success and happiness. It requires courage—heroic, unwavering courage—to stake everything on the casting of a die. It requires daring to chance all—even destiny itself—upon a decision. Nothing short of audacity can make it possible for us to promptly and decisively stake all upon a choice, a choice which may make or mar all that we hold dear in life.

And so one of the foundation stones of great executive ability is courage—daring, pluck, fearlessness, audacity, and a sort of dare-devil indifference as to what the outcome will be. I find in reference to great men that they tend to be careful and anxious in the laying of their plans, but fearlessly and boldly indifferent as to the outcome of their execution.

Every great ruler and leader must be something of a fatalist. Life must have much of abandon and of reckless indifference to be really worth the living. Fortunate is the man who has the right combination of caution and daring, of fear and faithless, of prudence and indifference. He who can stake all—and lose all—and still be happy, has perhaps the only thing really worth having. The real joys of life can be gained only by courageously maintaining a state of mind that is exuberant, exultant, triumphant—victorious.

MANY a profit making organization is losing thousands of dollars, if you figure up the difference between what it is doing and what it *might* do.

Women's Work for Civic Reform

By MRS. EDWARD W. BIDDLE

From Suburban Life

CARLISLE is located in the middle-southern part of the State of Pennsylvania, in the beautiful Cumberland Valley. In its long life of more than a century and a half, it has not grown beyond a population of 10,000, but those passing years have created for it a picturesque history. Its Indian wars, its revolutionary glory, its civil war record, its one time noted military post, its venerable college, its aristocratic families and refined society, early gave to it a certain prestige that it has never lost. So accustomed were the people who dwell there to hear the praises of Carlisle sung, that most naturally one of that town's chief characteristics always was a serene self satisfaction. It has also loved to preen its feathers and to proudly call itself conservative, never dreaming that conservative may be translated unprogressive. Indeed, until the Civic Club came into being, eye had not seen nor had it entered into the heart of man to conceive that Carlisle might be improved.

To rudely prick the bubble of this contented apathy required some courage, possibly of a callous nature. The men of the town never would have had the heart to do it. It was, as is often the case in small communities, a woman who took the initiative. Her first venture was the sending of notes of invitation to other women to meet at a fixed time.

in a public hall, for the purpose of discussing the evident need of municipal improvement in Carlisle. Then, with her heart in her throat, she awaited developments. Of the seventy-five women summoned, thirty-four responded, and an organization of these was at once effected with "town improvement" as its slogan, and "the time was there," The Walrus said, to talk of many things."

As a result of this meeting, Carlisle was promptly told that her municipal housekeeping was poor, that her streets were dirty, her public squares neglected, her market house filthy, many of her borough ordinances openly defied, as well as numerous other interesting, wholesome and plain spoken truths. This was eleven years ago, before the present day wave of civic interest had spread so widely through the country. The town in question fairly gasped with indignant astonishment.

We, the initial members of the new organization, were very careful from the first to make no assertions, the self-evident truth of which could be questioned; we lost no time in assuring the municipal authorities that our desire was to aid and in no sense to interfere; we took the editors of the daily papers into our most ingenuous confidence; we tried to be just as polite as possible to all those who considered themselves the aggrieved victims of our over-zeal. We

gained a certain footing immediately, and it soon became apparent that the new movement had commended itself to many of our people, with the result that names of both men and women were gradually added to the membership list, giving that moral support of numerical strength that an organization for successful municipal improvement must have.

Realizing that if we would act intelligently we must first understand our subject, we gave immediate attention to a study of conditions as we then found them. . . . We were impressed with the fact that the entire community, not excepting the police force, needed to be informed along the line of existing borough ordinance and such State statutes as directly affected everyday public life. In the columns of the local daily papers we published, in simplified form and a few at a time, some of these laws with the penalty attached for their infringement, at the same time protesting against the non-enforcement of certain among them. You know policeman Flynn's opinion of the true inwardness of modern lawmaking. He said "If I've I had th' ma-aldin' if th' law, I'd ha-ave first iv all in th' big book, a sentence s-readin' like this: 'Th' la-aws herein contained name what they mane an' not what they say.'"

Certainly a vital civic work in a careless community is to drive home the fact that if laws are created for a wise purpose they should be respected and obeyed.

We next informed ourselves concerning the powers and duties of all borough officials; then cautiously inquired into the curricula, sanitary conditions and aesthetic and moral atmosphere of our public schools. A general interest in questions of public health naturally followed. By reason of the unfailing courtesy of the newspapermen we were able to reach a large audience through their columns and to continually appeal for the co-operation of the people

in what we were trying to do for the town. The pendulum of public opinion vibrated for a while, but finally swung our way in a manner that left no doubt that community sentiment was with us. Encouraged to a really fine enthusiasm that has never abated, we then systematically began the uphill work of our self-appointed task.

To demonstrate that something is wrong is one thing, to remedy it quite another. To create civic enthusiasm is one thing, to sustain it, quite another. We had no difficulty in convincing people at the beginning that the town was dirty, littered, neglected. It exists to-day almost a model of a well appointed borough, but this attainment was at the end of a long, weary way, the milestones of which marked many a discouraged moment.

Personal and collective appeals were made to municipal authorities, merchants, clerks, janitors of public buildings, housekeepers and children to set individual examples to the public. A large number of "weed letters" were sent out asking that proprietors harvest their weed crops before the seed should be blown into neighboring grounds. As an object lesson, a man was employed to make a weekly cleaning of the two main thoroughfares and to sweep the pavements of the public squares. The interest and co-operation of the students at Dickinson College and of the pupils at the Indian School, a transient population of about fifteen hundred, was solicited. Thirty-five waste receptacles were placed at street corners, and the town council was requested to enact an ordinance protecting both streets and homes from posters, doggers and waste paper of all kinds, from fruit peels and free samples of patent medicines.

At the same time an earnest request, based upon reasons for health protection, was made for an anti-expectorator ordinance. The first

was willingly passed, but the desire to curtail spitting privileges created so much merriment among the borough fathers that the subject was deemed worthy of local newspaper jokes. The idea of determining by law where a free and independent citizen should spit, and where he should not spit, was regarded then as unprecedented interference with the personal liberty of our townsmen.

Three years later the spitting ordinance was passed. If each step had taken so long a time to accomplish, there would not be much to tell to-day of civic advancement in Carlisle. I have always regretted that our town should have been deprived of the honor of being one of the pioneers in the now popular and well established anti-spitter movement in this state.

A street sprinkler was next bought, and has been successfully operated by our club for the comfort of the people. Everything we could think of saying or writing or doing on the subject of public health and cleanliness, we said and wrote and did. It was natural to give some attention to the condition of the food stores and of the market house, and at our request the then Board of Health made an investigation into the subject of water supply, after which we asked that such extension of water pipes be made into the homes of the poor as would be adequate for their health and comfort. I am glad to say that a broad minded water company responded generously to this appeal. A number of free public lectures on sanitation and health protection have been given by physicians of the town who are delightfully responsive to requests for such addresses, and expert advice is thus freely offered on questions of sanitary science that are not usually understood by the general public.

The assistance of adults is of course desirable, the co-operation of children is vital, for definite con-

tinuous results. Of the truth of that assertion both theory and experience convince me.

The organization of a League of Good Citizenship that included every public school pupil of the town enlisted the aid of the children, and through them the help of their parents, in civic betterment. Children are keenly alive to immediate surroundings. It is easy to interest them in local history; to impress them with a sense of personal responsibility; to cultivate their spirit of patriotism; to stimulate them by an offer of prizes for cleaning or beautifying. The planting of trees, vines or shrubbery for premiums, is attractive to them, while their competitions for the neatest back yards and the prettiest front floral boxes are keen and amusing.

Carlisle has many hundreds of trees planted by school children, and flower boxes grace the humblest of homes in her alleys, as well as the handsomest mansions on her streets. Large quantities of flower seeds have been given these children, and the annual arbor and bird days have been for years observed by the League of Good Citizenship in conjunction with the Civic Club. The refining impress of a growing love for cleanliness, beauty and order; the moral influence of an awakening intelligence along lines of municipal advancement; the developing of ideas and stimulating of ambitions among children in the cause of good citizenship, combine in many cases to make impressions which later become the principles of manhood and womanhood.

The school children of eleven years ago are men and women now and many of them are actively co-operating with us in the work for the common good. Some of them have recently conducted the League of Good Citizenship meetings in the very schoolrooms where their own

interest was first aroused in and for their home town.

The pictures that we have presented to the public schools—there are over two hundred of them—have ministered to the aesthetic sense, and in some cases have been the instruments of definitely turning youthful minds to art studies, while our public picture exhibits have left a permanent impress upon many of all ages who lack the opportunity to see good pictures elsewhere. These art exhibits, and the flower shows that were conducted annually for four years, gave a distinct uplift to public taste and sentiment. The flower shows were too fine to be dismissed here with a word. Carlisle's professional florists and private owners of fine greenhouses placed the best they had at the disposal of the Civic Club for its shows, which were acknowledged to be, next to those of Philadelphia, the best in the State. The educational and artistic value of these shows is obvious.

Open air concerts were essayed during several summers. Wherever there is good music, there is a throng of listeners, and the donated services of the famous Indian Band cheered and lightened many a one on his way, as he paused on the public square to listen. In small communities one almost invariably finds a dearth of high-grade public entertainments. The often worse than ordinary shows become a menace, against which a counter current should be developed and maintained as a civic safeguard. Realizing this, we have for five years supported a lyceum course composed of the best procurable talent and sold the tickets at a nominal figure. To indicate the character of this work, I need but mention a few of those whose services were obtained: F. Hopkinson Smith, Jacob Riis, Ian MacLaren, Newell Dwight Hillis, Judge Ben. B. Lindsey, Maude Ballington Booth, Ellen Beach Yaw, the Knisel Quartette—five such each win-

ter, at \$1.50 for the entire course. An interesting fact that we have proven in this connection is that neither billboard posters nor hand dodgers are essential in Carlisle for successful advertising. The newspapers meet every possible requirement in this line.

We have always been concerned to help wherever we found a municipal need. It was in this spirit that we established Carlisle's first savings fund, which after four remarkably successful years was only abandoned when one of the local banks added a savings department to its business and was anxious to secure our list of depositors. Right willingly we handed it over, for other labors awaited us. We equipped a school room for a kindergarten, successfully petitioned the school board to advance local taxation, opened a woman's exchange in our club house, presented to the town a full equipment of artistic street markers made after a special design. The free services of a trained district nurse, whose time is at the disposal of the sick poor, constitutes one of the most valued benefits we have been able to offer to our people.

There is now in the treasury a distinct fund of about seven hundred dollars, as a nucleus toward the purchase of a public fountain; furthermore, we have over one thousand dollars additional, all ready for that which may seem to us the most urgent requirement of Carlisle.

Many an unwary one before has been beguiled into writing a book. The Civic Club of Carlisle had that bee buzzing in its bonnet for some time before it decided to take its chances with the reading public.

"Some said—write it,
Others said—not so,
Some said—it might do good,
Others said—no."

With a confidence that was born of love for the subject, it finally was done, and last December, at an expense of sixteen hundred dollars,

our Club launched its little volume. It bears the proud title "Carlisle Old and New." It enfolds within its covers one hundred and seventy-one half-tones, and presents through word and picture a narrative of tradition, events and local legends. I rejoice to say that the book is gradually serving the purpose for which it was created, in that it has stimulated renewed interest in the past and has developed a splendid enthusiasm for the present.

I know that our Club has been an important factor in the community life; I know that the town is a better place because we organized for the public welfare; I know that our plan can be introduced into any locality, and our success may be emulated by any organization that is consistently interested in a forward movement. Upon each one there certainly rests a duty to aid in the betterment of conditions, and no one is justified in failing to see the need that is never far ahead. F. Hopkinson Smith makes delightful old Peter to say, "If you would permit me to advise you, I would give up finding fault and first try to better things, and I would begin right here where you are. . . . Now, as long as you do live here, why not join in and help out the best you can? . . . Contribute something of your own excellence."

The Carlisle plan is susceptible of indefinite expansion, limited only in such places as may have no untainted ambitions, no unsupplied needs. The extent of the results that may be enjoyed is determined solely by the spirit of service and the personal equation that enters into the work.

"Why don't they keep the streets a little cleaner?"

You ask with deep annoyance not undue,

Why don't they keep the parks a little greener?

(Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)

How long will they permit this graft and stealing?

Why don't they see the courts are clean and true?

Why will they wink at crooked public dealing?

(Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)

Why don't they stop this miserable child labor?

And wake the S.P.C.A. up a few?

(While thus you gently knock your unknown neighbor,

Did you ever stop to think that they means you?)"

IF people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done, as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

Lord Hayling's Infatuation

By TRISTRAM CRUTCHLEY

From the London Magazine

THE unpretentious envelope, addressed in a precise and feminine hand to Colonel the Honorable Ivo Brough, had been waiting on the green baize board of the Staff Club—vulgarily known as the "Gold Lace"—for three days, and the steward ventured to mention the fact.

Colonel Brough screwed an eyebrow under a shaggy eyebrow and glanced at the writing, then grunted. Judging from his expression, it would have made no material difference to his equanimity if the letter had waited three weeks. He began to read it slowly, but had not proceeded far when his interest was suddenly intensified, and before he had finished it the accustomed equanimity had entirely gone.

"My Dear Ivo," it ran, "I am in great trouble. There is a hateful woman here—a widow—whose husband was, I believe, in your regiment, though I only gathered that from a chance observation which escaped her. Her name is Mrs. Laurier; one of those women who wear well with a little assistance. She may be anything from thirty-five upwards, and I suppose you would call her pretty.

"She has set her cap at dear Arthur; and he, I need hardly say, has fallen a victim. It is the talk of the Spa. He refuses to come away, and the woman treats my hostility as a joke. I am most anxious. Arthur is so extremely stubborn—it is the great fault of your family—and as he is twenty-one, what can I do?

Could you come down?—Your affectionate sister, Florence."

Colonel Brough thrust the letter into his pocket, and seized a telegram form.

"Lady Hayling, Brampton Spa, Derbyshire," he wrote. "Letter just received. Coming at once—Ivo."

Having thus definitely committed himself to a course of action, the lines of his mouth relaxed a little under the white moustache. He dropped into a chair and opened his sister-in-law's letter again, actually chuckling to himself as he did so. Then he spent some time in meditation. At last he rose in a leisurely fashion and looked carefully round the room.

"You were contemporary with poor old Laurier, weren't you, Barnes?" he said to a man on the other side of the fireplace.

"Of course," was the reply. "He left the regiment when he married."

The Colonel lighted a cigar.

"Who was the lucky girl?" he asked, carelessly. "I forget."

"Nobody in particular; a pretty little fluffy thing. She hooked him for his money, poor chap."

"Why poor chap!"

"They weren't happy, so I've heard. Anyhow, he got his own back."

"How?"

"Left her only three hundred a year. All the rest is in trust for the daughter until she is twenty-five or marries—something like a hundred thousand. I remember distinctly."

"Ah! there was a daughter, was

there? I had forgotten. She must be getting on now, eh?"

"The other man laid."

"Too much so for madame," he said. "I expect she's fishing again, and a daughter of seventeen is not good bait. Moreover, it seems that the girl takes after Laurier. She's big for her age, I hear—looks twenty, according to my kid. They're at the same school down in Devon; that's how I know."

"Umph!" said the Colonel, as though dismissing the subject. "Poor old Laurier!"

A couple of hours later he was on his way north.

If there was one thing in which Colonel Brough took especial pride it was a certain reputation for diplomacy—a knack of "managing" affairs after other people had found them unmanageable. When friends told him their troubles and asked his advice—which they only occasionally followed—he was not bored but flattered, and this unusual attribute made him exceedingly popular.

After this explanation it will be more readily understood that in laying his plans for the redemption of his youthful nephew—nephew Baron Hayling in the Peerage of the United Kingdom—from the toils of a designing widow, he felt, after the first spasm of annoyance, as much pleasure as in playing a salmon.

Consequently, when he arrived at the station, he was in his best and most cheerful mood; and Lord Hayling, who had dutifully motored over to meet him, was somewhat mystified by the fact.

"My dear boy," exclaimed the old soldier, as he wrung his hand, "you're getting more absurdly like your father every day. But—hang it!—you don't look over pleased to see me."

Lord Hayling flushed.

"I'm as pleased as Punch, uncle," he said, with forced enthusiasm. As a matter of fact, he viewed the visit with considerable distrust and displeasure.

A glance at the sullen expression

on his nephew's usually open countenance decided Colonel Brough as to the line he should take.

"So you've been making your mother nervous, have you?" he asked, with a laugh, as they took their seats in the car.

"I don't know how much she's told you," replied Lord Hayling cautiously.

"Nothing, except that you've fallen in love, my dear boy. And, pray, what could be more natural? Didn't we all do the same at your age?"

"This is a serious matter," said the young man hotly. "I may tell you, uncle, I'm not going to be influenced by a lot of platitudes about my youth and—and all that sort of thing."

"Certainly not! I rather admire you for it. After all, you're the head of the family, you know, and you've got to marry and keep the title going in the direct line. And you need not be so touchy about your age, because early marriages are often the happiest."

Such unexpected good nature did little to quell Lord Hayling's suspicions.

"You never tried it yourself, uncle," he said, with a sidelong glance.

"Consequently, by dear boy, I'm unbiassed, and I can view the matter judicially. If the girl's a nice girl, with a little money, perhaps—"

"Every penny she has goes when she marries," said Hayling defiantly.

"That's a pity! Still, if she's young and—"

"She—she's older than I am."

For the first time the Colonel allowed himself to look concerned.

"How much?" he asked.

"Don't quite know. Suppose she must be somewhere about thirty."

"Somewhere about thirty! That's unfortunate!"

"She doesn't look it—really she doesn't."

"That's something, at all events," pursued his uncle. "Still, I wonder if she'll only look somewhere about

forty when you are thirty-two, Arthur?"

That was an aspect of the case which Arthur had apparently not taken into consideration, and for the moment he was reduced to silence.

"Yet, after all, there must be something original about her, or she would have married before."

Lord Hayling was actually blushing.

"Didn't mother tell you that—that she was a widow?"

Colonel Brough almost jumped out of his seat.

"A widow!" he ejaculated. "The deuce!"

"Still," he continued, with a reminiscent sigh, "I've known some very charming widows. Any children, dear boy?"

"Only one—a little girl. I haven't seen her; she's away in the country at school somewhere. That doesn't seem to me to be any particular obstacle. Of course, the girl's provided for. In fact, I—I'm rather glad about it."

To his obvious relief at that moment the car reached the grounds of the Spa. As they entered the hall, Colonel Brough's swift glance fell upon a little fair woman in an easy-chair.

Arthur squared his shoulders, and advanced.

"May I introduce my uncle? Colonel Brough—Mrs. Laurier."

The woman rose quickly, and held out her hand, not without a trace of anxiety. She was dressed in excellent taste and with consummate care. If there were any sign of age, any incipient line or wrinkle which merited concealment, the soft evening light was kind to her, and did its duty.

Colonel Brough looked at her with undisguised admiration.

"Laurier—Laurier!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Any relation of Charlie Laurier, I wonder—Charlie Laurier, of the 21st Hussars?"

The woman's lips still smiled, but a pair of grey eyes flashed defiance.

"He was my husband," she said quietly.

"Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Laurier!" exclaimed the Colonel, with unabated warmth. "By and by we must have a chat together about old times. But, first of all, Arthur, if you'll take me to my room, I'll make myself presentable. It must be nearly dinner-time!"

Uncle and nephew did not speak as they mounted the stairs; and Lord Hayling was evidently suffering considerable embarrassment. A servant was unpacking the Colonel's clothes, and the young man loitered in the room till they had it to themselves. "You knew Laurier, then?" he ventured presently.

"Knew him, my dear boy?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, we served together! He was the jolliest fellow in the regiment. But that's a long, long time ago."

II.

"Really, Ivo?"

There was tragic denunciation in Lady Hayling's tone.

"Well, my dear Florence?" replied Colonel Brough.

It was late in the evening; and, in spite of repeated efforts, his sister-in-law had only just succeeded in getting him alone.

"Is that all you have to say? Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?"

Seeing that she was about to break into tears, the Colonel gallantly took her hand and gently patted it. He had been decorated for bravery in the field, but a woman's tears were more than he could stand. The action was beneficial, for Lady Hayling's drooping spirits suddenly revived.

"I sent for you to put an end to this absurd infatuation of Arthur's, and what have you done?" She spoke rather angrily.

"Well, what? A woman never asks a question like that unless she has an answer ready."

"You've done nothing but encourage it. The whole evening you have been humoring her and petting her and making her absurdly flattering speeches."

"What would you have? Except yourself, my dear, Mrs. Laurier is the only fascinating woman in the house. The rest are all as dull as ditch-water."

"But surely you did not come here with the idea of amusing yourself? I consider your attitude most reprehensible."

Lady Hayling's expression was one of outraged propriety.

"You will at least give me credit for preventing a tete-a-tete," said the Colonel lamely.

"You have given Arthur to understand that the woman has your approval. I believe you have even told her so."

"Not in so many words."

"I caught her eye just now. She looked at me triumphantly as much as to say: 'You see, I've won him over.' What will happen after you have gone? What course am I to adopt?"

"Why not come with me?"

"And leave Arthur here? What can you be thinking of, Ivo? Do you think that in his present state he would consent to come away?"

"Perhaps not," said the Colonel.

He tried to look grave, but there was a twinkle in his eye which gave Lady Hayling encouragement.

"I had such faith in your diplomacy," she said.

"And I had great faith in your common sense, Florence. Fancy bringing the boy to a place like this, where there isn't a decent girl for him to make love to, always excepting Mrs. Laurier!"

"We came here for my health."

"Entirely?"

"Well, I thought it was nice and quiet, and he would be kept out of mischief. He's so impressionable."

"And you see the result."

"But what do you think will result from your behavior to-night?"

"Who can say? You might write and tell me. I'm going to-morrow."

"Going to-morrow? And is this all the comfort you have for me?"

"Now, don't unduly worry yourself, my dear Florence. These things

must not be hurried. At present Arthur is a little nonplussed. Firstly, by the absence of apparent opposition on my part. That's disappointing to him, you know, although he may not realize it. And, in addition to that, he begins to have a glimmering idea that Mrs. Laurier and he are not of the same generation. Most of the people she and I have been chatting about to-night are dead. I resuscitated them for the purpose of showing my nephew how exceedingly young he is."

"That was clever, perhaps. But after you have gone?"

"The infatuation will cease, I hope. If it doesn't, you must import some fresh blood. Haven't you any young girls among your friends—pretty girls? I wonder you didn't think of it before."

"I've been too distracted. Besides, Ivo—"

"Well, wire me the day after to-morrow. If necessary, I will come down again. But with ordinary luck everything will go as I predict. Good-night, Florence."

In spite of the apparently unsuccessful result of his intervention, the Colonel slept soundly; and when he announced at breakfast next morning that he must return to town, no one was more sorry than his nephew. Mrs. Laurier looked sorry, too, but, in reality, she was somewhat relieved. In spite of her consent, she had not slept so well. Solitary reflection added to that curious twinkle in the Colonel's eye, had bred misgiving.

It was pretty late in the afternoon when the car was brought round to take Colonel Brough to the station. Lord Hayling was not quite ready.

"Nice car!" said the Colonel.

The chauffeur agreed. It was a car which could do anything—under his guidance.

"Ever break down?" inquired the Colonel.

The man looked up quickly. Lord Hayling was suddenly heard whistling as he came through the hall.

"Here's a sovereign," said the Colonel, without more ado. "If the car

breaks down, for three-quarters of an hour on your way back from the station, there'll be another for you when we meet again."

"Very good, sir," said the man, with a grin. "His lordship—"

"Must know nothing about it, of course, till afterwards. Then, if you like, I will tell him, and relieve you of all the blame."

"Ah, here you are, uncle! Then we may as well be off. But we've plenty of time."

"Well?" said the young man, as they whizzed away.

Colonel Brough lighted a cigarette.

"You want me to sum up," he said. "Well, Arthur, she's an extremely fascinating woman. If I had a chance, I don't know that I shouldn't marry her myself. But I shouldn't hurry things. I don't want you to do anything desperate for a week. Is that asking too much?"

Lord Hayling gripped his hand.

"You're a brick, uncle! If that'll satisfy you, I suppose, in the end, it will satisfy the mater. I won't propose to her for a week. That I promise. But, of course, you understand it will be all the same."

"Of course! But it'll give you time to see things a bit more clearly. And if they look the same at the end of your week, why, marry her, and good luck to you!"

And not another word was spoken on the subject.

The nearest station to Brampton Spa is some seven miles distant. It is a quiet little roadside platform, nothing more, and it was erected mainly for the convenience of a certain noble duke whose magnificent castle is the principal feature of the surrounding country. Consequently, the arrival of a passenger is something of an event.

When Lord Hayling's car arrived, the solitary man who filled the treble role of booking-clerk, ticket-collector, and station-master, was dancing eager attendance on a very pretty girl who was standing, a forlorn figure, in the

midst of a circle of substantial-looking luggage.

"But are you sure I can't get a conveyance?" she was asking.

Lord Hayling pricked up his ears. "Hallo! What's this?" he ejaculated.

Colonel Brough seemed quite indifferent.

"Somebody stranded, apparently," he said.

"But—but don't you think I ought perhaps to offer the car?"

The factotum overheard him, and, seeing an issue out of his afflictions, he touched his cap.

"Lady expected to be met, sir," he volunteered.

The girl nodded pathetically. She looked about nineteen, and had large blue eyes and a healthy self-possession.

"My mother wired that she would meet me with a brougham," she announced to the world at large.

"Indeed!" said Lord Hayling, cap in hand. "I hope you will consider my car at your service."

She gave a sigh of relief. There was evidently not the slightest doubt that she would avail herself of the offer.

"But I should be taking you out of your way, my friend," she objected, half-heartedly. "I have to go to Brampton Spa."

"That's where I'm staying," said Lord Hayling.

He glanced rather guiltily at his uncle, but the Colonel was busily lighting a fresh cigarette from the stump of the old one.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the girl, with a fresh look of interest. "Then you probably know my mother, Mrs. Laurier?"

There was a heavy pause.

"Mrs. L-Laurier, your m-mother! Oh, yes, I know her; k-k-fancy that!"

"She wired me yesterday to come down by this train, and she would meet me. It's most remarkable that she isn't here."

Lord Hayling was gazing at her over-monthed, almost rudely.

"Let me help with Miss Laurier's luggage," interposed the Colonel quietly. "My train is not due for ten minutes."

Lord Hayling caught his eye. He turned very red, which is usually considered a sign of guilt.

"This is really too kind of you," said the girl, with a glance of unaffected gratitude as Hayling took the seat beside her and tucked the fur rug about them both. "Mother will be so much obliged."

Once more Lord Hayling glanced timidly at his uncle, but he had suddenly, on some pretext or other, turned his back to them.

"Good-bye, uncle."

Colonel Brough turned and took off his hat. Signs of unseemly mirth were discernible on his face. At least, they were visible to his nephew.

"Don't forget," he whispered to the chauffeur.

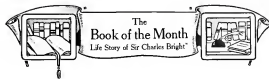
It was a very improper thing for a chauffeur to do on duty, but he actually winked.

The following letter reached Colonel Brough a week later:

LACK of self-control always indicates other lacks and weaknesses which are fatal to the highest attainment. A man who can not hold himself in check, certainly will not be able to control others. A lack of self-control indicates a lack of mental balance. A man who can not keep his balance under all circumstances, who can not control the fire of his temper, who lacks the power to smother the volcano of his passion, can not boast of self-mastery, has not arrived at success.

"My Dear Ivo,—You sent that wire to the girl, and you didn't tell me! You should have seen Mrs. Laurier when Arthur and she arrived! They were ever so late, and it was quite dark. I could see at once how things would go; and so they did. Trust a woman for understanding these things! They are frantically in love with each other. I thought that mother and daughter would disappear, but I was mistaken. She's a weak little thing at heart, Mrs. Laurier—so different from her dear daughter. She came to me this morning and cried, and asked me to forgive her. I think you did her rather an injustice in thinking her so deep. Seeing that the girl will have all her father's money, perhaps, if it comes to anything, some additional settlement could be made on Mrs. Laurier. What do you think?—Your affectionate sister, Florence."

"Why, certainly," said the Colonel to himself, with a smile of extreme complacency; "certainly, if only by way of thanksgiving!"



TO THOSE who love to read the accomplishments of men of science in their varied fields of activity, this admirable biography of the engineer, who at the age of twenty-six years laid the first Atlantic cable between Ireland and America, will be indeed a delight.

Like nearly all the great inventors, Bright began his career at an early

night—without causing any disturbance to the traffic. When twenty he became chief engineer to the Magnetic Telegraph Company, extending its lines throughout the United Kingdom. A year later he laid the first cable in deep water, connecting Great Britain and Ireland.

The biography relates in detail the story of the laying of the Atlantic



Laying the First Atlantic Cable on the Irish Coast

age. Born in 1832, he was only seventeen, when he devised his first invention in telegraphy, which is still in active use. At the age of nineteen he carried out important telegraph work, including the laying of a complete system of wires under the streets of Manchester in a single

year. Bright became a projector of the cable at the age of twenty-three and a year later was appointed engineer-in-chief of the constructing company. After surmounting a series of distressing difficulties, the cable was successfully laid in 1866 and in honor of his achievement, Queen Victoria conferred a knighthood on him the same year.

Afterwards carrying out many im-

¹ The Life Story of Sir Charles Thomas Bright, by Charles Bright, Revised and abridged ed. New London: Archibald Constable & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

portant submarine cable undertakings in the Mediterranean and elsewhere—including the first telegraph to India, and between the West Indian Islands—he also took an active part in politics, and was elected to Parliament at the age of thirty-three. Whilst in the House of Commons he was

practical work and invention in electric lighting as well as telegraphy until his death in 1888.

The story of the laying of the Atlantic cable is intensely interesting and forms the best part of the book. On Monday, August 3rd, 1858, the "Wire Squadron," as it was called,



SIR CHARLES BRIGHT

Knighted in 1858 in recognition of his achievement in laying the first Atlantic Cable.

constantly to the fore in advocating the extension of telegraphic communication with the colonies and dependencies. He also acted as expert adviser and consulting engineer to a large number of projects—for the second and third Atlantic cables and for a variety of subsequent submarine lines. He continued his career of

sailed from its rendezvous at Queens-town, Ireland, for Valentia Bay on the west coast. It was composed of the U. S. screw-steamer Niagara, to lay the half of the cable from Valentia Bay, the U. S. paddle-steamer Squacahanna as consort, H. M. screw-steamer Agamemnon, to lay the half of the cable on the American side, H.

M. paddle-steamer Leopard as consort, H. M. Cyclops, to go ahead of the steamers and keep the course, H. M. tender Advice and the steam-tug Willing Mail. Arriving at Valentia, the fleet immediately set to work to land the shore end of the cable. The scene was impressive. The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and great throngs of onlookers were present. When the cable was landed by the American sailors, as a well-designed compliment, His Excellency was one of the first to help pull it ashore. A prayer was offered by the vicar of the parish to solemnify the undertaking. A grand ball at the little village of Knightstown followed.

The ships got away at an early hour the next morning, slowly paying out the cable as they proceeded.

The ships proceeded westward and all went well until 3.45 p.m. on the fourth day out when the cable snapped, after 380 miles had been laid, owing to mismanagement on the part of the mechanic at the brakes. This untoward accident was naturally the cause of great sorrow to all connected with the undertaking. The fleet returned to Plymouth, where the cable remaining on board, was unloaded into tanks.

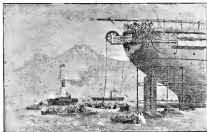
The loss of 335 miles of cable with the postponement of the expedition to another year, was equivalent to a loss of £100,000 and the projectors

found it difficult to secure new capital. In the end, the appeal to the shareholders for more money was responded to and the directors were enabled to give orders for the manufacture of 700 miles of new cable.

In the spring of 1858 some experiments were made, which seemed to prove the advisability of starting the laying of the cable in mid-Atlantic and landing the ends simultaneously at the terminals. Finally, on June 10th, the fleet sailed from Plymouth to meet in mid-Atlantic. They encountered fierce storms, which almost sank the Agamemnon. At the rendezvous a splice was made between the Agamemnon and the Niagara and the vessels steamed apart. When they had each proceeded three miles, the cable parted on the Niagara and the work of splicing had to be done over again.

Once more they started out, but disaster again followed them and the cable parted once more. The third time, the ships returned to Queenstown without coming to the rendezvous.

The final attempt to lay the cable was begun on July 17, when the ships sailed westward again. This time all was successful. The Agamemnon reached Valentia, the cable was landed and a message sent across the bed of the ocean. Meanwhile the Niagara had landed her end on the coast of Newfoundland.



Completing the Cable at the American End

Historic Adolphustown

By
MAUDE BENSON

ADOLPHUSTOWN

What thoughts come flood-like at the sound of the name of this old Ontario village! Dense forest and struggle and effort! Clemsy batteaux laden with weary exiles, whose eyes search the wooded shores for the place of their allotment! Farther back the mind wanders to the terrible winter at Sorel; to the sailing away from New York into the unknown wilderness and

stied here; or of the patriotism that led them, our "nation-founders," to this beautiful spot on the shores of the Bay of Quinte in Lennox County, Ontario.

Like so many jewelled fingers, extend the points and headlands of Adolphustown into the rippling waters of the bay. On a slight elevation of ground, a short distance from the water's edge is situated the U.E. Loyalists burying ground, the most historic "God's Acre," in Ontario, and the large marble shaft erected here during the centennial celebration in 1884 stands out prominently from its background of trees. The village itself extends some distance along old "Dundas Street," and corresponds in detail with the ordinary country village. Wandering along its shady roads one finds it difficult to realize that at one time this quiet, little place was the "Centre of Canada"—the centre of influence—and that from its high-ways and by-ways have gone some of Canada's most noted men—men who exerted a strong power in the shaping of our country's destiny. Loyalist's coming, landing and upbuild-

Like a romance is the story of the ing of this place. The world's history has no parallel to offer. From homes of wealth and affluence they come to log-cabins and a life of necessity. Stripped of their worldly possessions, with no chance of redress, and literally "ordered out," the little band under Major Van Alstine, embarked in seven small ships and accompanied by the British main-of-war, "Hope," sailed from the port of New York, Sept. 8, 1783. They followed the coast around to the mouth of the St. Lawrence and so on to Quebec, as the

lands considered fit for settlement in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia had been exhausted. Reaching Sorel after many tedious months, they were confronted by all the rigors of a Canadian winter, and were obliged to pitch their tents and pass the weary months as best they could, provisioned by the British Government. Cold, privation, and scurvy beset them, still, there were bright days, days when William Ruttan cheered them with his spirited violin music, and days when hope led them to look forward to their final settlement; for word reached them here that they were to receive their land grants on the Bay of Quinte.

With the opening of navigation in the spring, they prepared to resume their journey, and on the 21st of May they started up the river in batteaux and reached Adolphustown June 16, 1784. As Major Pollard had not as yet completed his survey, they pitched their tents near the spot where the U.E.L. burying-grounds is now situated, and awaited the allotment of their lands. For some weeks they were kept in suspense, and in the meantime a little girl died and was buried near the encampment. A few weeks later, Carter Hoover, who had but barely taken possession of his land, was killed by a falling limb as he was chopping down a tree, and he, too, was buried near the camp-ground—this was commenced the U.E.L. burying ground. What sad funerals those must have been! Every soul was needed, and yet although the forest they had come to conquer had scarcely felt the power of their strong right arms they must needs look into the open graves of some of their number, and as Mother Earth received her poor travel-worn children to her bosom, Quinte's rippling flood sang to them, as it does to Adolphustown's dwellers to-day, its sad requiem. No priest was there to perform the last sad rites, no coffin shielded the lifeless bodies, unless green slabs were procured, but whatever else was lacking, we may be sure the sympathy that makes us all akin, abounded, for one large family were they.

With the drawing of lots the people

went to work, building their log homes and clearing away the forest. "With axe and fire and mutual help made war against the wilderness and smote it down," has been written of them. "Not drooping like poor fugitives, they come in exodus to our Canadian wilds, not full of hope, with heads erect, victorious in defeat."

Major Van Alstine continued at the head of the band, and the stores of provisions were placed in his charge. It is said of him that he knew by name every



Old Quaker Church, Adolphustown.

yet back the mind goes to the breaking of the terms of the peace treaty between England and the States—the direct cause of the exodus of all those who had fought for and desired the "Unity of the Empire."

The smiling lands of Adolphustown give to-day no hint to the casual passer-by of the struggle that wrested every inch of its soil from the stubborn forest; of the sacrifice and energy—the tragedy, it might be said—of the lives of the noble band of men and women who first set-



United Empire Loyalist Monument

man, woman and child in the settlement.

In addition to the 200 acres granted to each of the company there was a town site of 300 acres laid out in lots of one acre each, and one of these was also granted to each member of the party. And now was commenced a town which threatened at one time to rival Kingston toward cityhood.

Logging bees soon grew in popularity, and the young people flocked to them eagerly, for a dance ended the day's work and this was their only recreation. Baby voices soon enlivened the cabin homes, and in the township records of March, 1794, a "Return of the Inhabitants,"

totals up to 402. The first "Town Meeting" was held on March 6, 1793, and the minutes of this meeting are still in existence.

In time Adolphustown came to be the centre of the Midland District, and court was held alternately here and at Kingston. The first court in the township was held in Paul Huff's barn, on the shore of Hay Bay. The next court, coming as it did in the winter, was held in the Methodist Chapel—Canada's First Methodist Church—which same is still standing on the shore of Hay Bay—and then a movement was made toward the erection of a court house, from the building of which dates the real growth of the village.

To Adolphustown came Lossee, the pioneer of Methodism. Owing to an unfortunate love affair, he gave way to his co-worker, Darius Dunham, who had stolen the affections of his lady-love. "Father" Henry Ryan more than once "made his voice roar like thunder," in old Adolphustown. Rev. William Case was another pioneer of Methodism to visit this place, and Rev. Robert McDowall, the Presbyterian missionary, and Rev. John Langhorne, the Anglican, also visited the settlement to perform the rites of marriage as the Methodist preachers were not allowed this privilege for many years. A Quaker settlement found refuge here, and built the old church which still stands, also on the south shore of Hay Bay.

In an old log school, that used to stand on an elm-shaded eminence, Sir John McDonald received the rudiments of his education, and right loyally is the memory of "little bare-footed Jack" treasured among the older inhabitants of the village.

Few of the old buildings remain, and a visit to the U.E.L. burying-ground is most depressing. A part of a pasture field it is and the cattle have trampled over, and broken down the head-stones, so that trace of graves and their markings have been almost obliterated. True, the large monument still stands and the inscription on it reads:

In memory of the U.E. Loyalists who
Through loyalty to British
Institutions

Left the U.S. and landed on these
Shores on the 16th day of
June, A.D., 1784.

A disgrace to Ontario is this neglected bed sacred spot. Where are the Daughters of the Empire, the members of the Ontario Historical Society, the descendants of the Loyalists themselves, that they do not make some move toward fencing from desecration, this resting place of our honored dead? No photo would do justice to the miserable surroundings, and yet some of Canada's most prominent and influential men of the past sleep here in unknown graves. Here lies buried Major Peter Van Alstine, the leader of the Loyalists. He was the representative in the first and second Parliaments of Upper Canada for Adolphustown and Prince Edward. Still another is Nicholas Hagerman, on whose farm this burying-ground was located. He was the first regularly authorized practicing lawyer in Upper Canada. He had three sons who were likewise lawyers in their day. Two of these sons were members of the old Upper Canada Parliament and one of them a prominent member of the old "Family Compact Government." Later this son became a chief justice. He was the father-in-law of the late Hon. John Beverly Robinson, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario. The Casey plot is enclosed by an iron railing and the head-stones are all standing, in consequence. Willet Casey was a member of the fourth Parliament. He was considered a very wealthy man in his day. His son, Capt. Samuel Casey, is also buried here. He was likewise a member of "the early parliaments. A number of the Allison, Roblin and Hoover families slept here. In fact, there are few of the old families who settled in the Bay district but have a representative in this sacred and historic spot.

Gladly one turns to the handsome, memorial church of St. Albans. The corner stone of this church was laid during celebration week by Lieut.-Governor Robinson. A panel at the end of the

church bears the following: "One hundred years after the landing of a band of United Empire Loyalists on these shores this church of St. Alban the Martyr is built in pious memory of those patriots who became the founders of the Province of Ontario, in honor of their loyalty and in the fear of God, 1884." This church was opened for service in 1800 and is a fitting monument to those whose memory it was designed to perpetuate. Old St. Paul's Church is now used as a church hall in connection with St. Alban's. It is a roughcast building in a fair state of preservation. It was built in 1837 during the incumbency of Rev. Job Deacon, the first Rector of Adolphustown. A Methodist memorial church also graces the village. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. Joseph Allison in 1884, as she was at that time the oldest surviving member of the Methodist U.E.L. families.

Of course no one would spend a day in Adolphustown without visiting the old Methodist Chapel—the first Methodist church built in Canada. This cradle of Canadian Methodism is still in a fairly good state of preservation, and why some movement towards its permanent preservation is not being made by the great body of Methodist people is beyond com-

to store grain and hay; at the present stage of use and abuse, this building,



A Pretty Drive-way near the Village

rich in historic association, will soon go the way of the others.

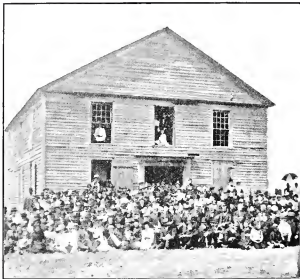
The first itinerant Methodist preacher to visit Adolphustown was Rev. William Lossee, who came to Canada from the States in the year 1790. Playter says of him: "Lossee was a Loyalist and knew some of the settlers in Adolphustown before they left the United States. He desired to see them and preach to them." It was well for Lossee that he was a Loyalist, coming, as he did, from the States, among British subjects who had forfeited all save honor in the cause of the Mother Country, for their feelings against all citizens of the new republic were very bitter.

Prior to the coming of Lossee, a young man named Lyons engaged to teach school in Adolphustown in 1788. He was an exhorter in the Methodist Church and frequently conducted religious services on the Sabbath. In the same year came James McCarty, an Irishman, who also took up the work. His preaching, however, roused the ire of certain staunch Loyalists, who maintained that he was not loyal as he did not adhere to the Church of England, and to oppose the church was to oppose the King. A law had been enacted by the Governor-in-



Main Street of Adolphustown

prehension. The farmer, on whose land the church stands, uses it as a place in which



THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH IN CANADA

Situated near Adolphustown on the Bay of Quinte. Erected in the Spring and Summer of 1806. Close by is the old United Empire Loyalist Burialling Ground.

Council, that persons wandering about the country might be banished as vagabonds, and accordingly McCarty was arrested and finally banished. To the settlement in 1790 came Lossee, a Methodist, but a Loyalist, and some of his old friends welcomed him gladly. After preaching a few sermons he returned to the States and in February, 1792, he again came, as an appointed minister from the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The doors of the log cabin homes

were open to him, and through the woods came the people to hear him—many coming out of pure curiosity. Immediately Lossee set himself to work to form classes and on the Sabbath of February 20, 1792, in the 3rd concession of Adolphustown, at Paul Huff's house, he established the first regular class-meeting in Canada.

Lossee is described as being a plain and powerful speaker, and the log cabin soon became too small for his increased congregations. Accordingly a subscrip-

tion was taken up to build a church; the list bears date, February 3, 1792, and is still in existence, as is also the deed of land from Paul Huff and Mary, his wife for the site on which the building was erected. The subscribers agreed to erect a building thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with a gallery in the upper storey and thus it stands to-day.

The twenty-two subscribers gave one hundred and eight pounds. They were: Paul Huff, Peter Frederick, Elizabeth Roblin, William Casey, Daniel Steel, Joseph Allison, William Green, William Ruttan, Solomon Huff, Stophel German John Green, Peter Ruttan, Joseph Ciapp, John Bininger, Conrad VanDusen, Arra Ferguson, Henry Hover, Andrew Embry Daniel Dufoe, Henry Davis, Casper VanDusen and William Ketcheson.

Peter Frederick was a blacksmith and helped in many ways about the building. Conrad VanDusen gave the largest amount, fifteen pounds. He had been keeping a tavern on the Bay of Quinte shore and was one of the first to open his doors to Lossee. When converted he took an axe and cut down his sign. The second largest contributor was Elizabeth Roblin, who gave twelve pounds. She was the widow of Philip Roblin who was one of the first of the Loyalists to die after reaching Adolphustown. Mrs. Roblin was a brave and grand woman. She is the ancestress of Premier Roblin, of Manitoba, and grandmother of the late John P. Roblin, of Prince Edward, who was for so many years a prominent member of the old Reform party in the Upper Canada Legislature. The two Ruttan brothers were liberal subscribers to the church building fund. Peter gave four and William ten pounds.

William Ruttan lived some six miles from the church and many a dark night he used to take a blazing pine knot in his hand and together with his wife, Margaret Steel, would set out through the woods following a trail, and joined along the way by his neighbors, who, seeing the torch of their class-leader, would fall in behind with their torches lighted and singing as they went, passed through the dense forest to prayer-meeting. If the set-

ters were unbending in their loyalty, they were equally so in their religion, and it was a stern theology that was taught them, with much more of God's wrath than God's love in it. But they lived in hard and trying times and perhaps hard things appealed to them more than any others. As an instance of this the story might be told as illustration, of how William Ruttan, who was an expert violinist, was made to believe it was his duty to destroy the one solace of his life, prior to Mr. Lossee's coming. Mr. Ruttan possessed an exquisite old violin, richly decked with silver, and on more than one occasion had enlivened life for his neighbors, both at Adolphustown and during that dreadful winter spent by the cedars at Sorel. Mr. Lossee, like all Methodists at that time, considered music a snare of the devil, and after much argument he succeeded in getting Mr. Ruttan to take the rich old instrument, and tuck it under the blazing fore-sticks in the great old fire-place where all its beauty of curve and color melted into ashes. In the spring of 1792, work was commenced on the church, and from that time on, the Bay of Quinte district was a haven of rest for the circuit-riders, and the church, crowded by men and women who had traveled many miles through the woods, often carrying their children in their arms, or on their backs, in order that they, too, might listen to the "word of life."

They were earnest Christians and so also were their children after them. They are all gone now, only their memory and the old church remain. Gone, too, are the circuit-riders—the men who braved the terrors of forest and swollen rivers, who poorly paid, and poorly clothed, often, with all their earthly possessions in the saddle-bags behind them, traveled from settlement to settlement, and from lonely log cabin to log cabin, because they were "called of God."

"Not here? Oh, yes, our hearts their presence feel.

Viewless, not voiceless, from the deep-est shells

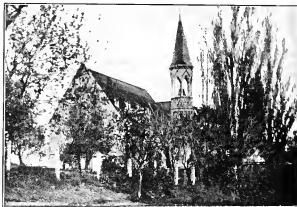
On memory's shore harmonious echoes steal.

And names which in the days gone by
were spells
Are blest with that soft music. If there
dwells
The spirit here our country's fame to
spread,
While every beacast with joy and triumph
swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured
tread,
Banner and wreath will own our rever-
ence for the dead."

With reluctance one leaves Adolphus-
town, the village that has cradled so

many of Canada's "Empire Founders,"
the village that has cradled so many of
Ontario's best families!

True patriotism is the lesson this place
teaches, a patriotism that puts self-
interests in the background; while of the
men who builded and whose brains
planned we cannot but exclaim with
Henry Giles: "Great patriots, therefore,
must be men of great excellence; and it
is this alone that can secure to them last-
ing admiration. It is by this alone that
they become noble to our memories, and
that we feel proud in the privilege of do-
ing reverence to their nobleness."



Marcell Church, Adolphustown, Erected in Honor of the Founders of Ontario



THE WORKING STAFF IN THE CHIEF DEAD LETTER BRANCH

Mysteries of the Dead Letter Office

By S. D. SANGSTER

WHY do letters in Canada go astray? Sometimes the persons supposed to have posted them have not done so. Possibly some forgetful man is carrying letters given him by his wife or daughter in his coat pocket, or maybe a child has been dispatched to the office with two cents and a letter and the irresponsible offspring has exchanged the copers for candy and chewing gum instead of a stamp. Or perhaps an incorrect address—or no address at all—has been given.

The causes of miscarriage and non-delivery in His Majesty's mails are as varied as the temperaments and disposition of the millions of people who use the post office. During the last

fiscal year 2,577,609 letters, packets and parcels found their way to the different dead letter offices in Canada. One might as well attempt to analyze the shortcomings, the whims and follies of fickle human nature as to tell exactly how and why so many communications failed to connect consignee and consignor.

Letters from business firms seldom go astray. They do not constitute more than ten per cent. of dead letters. The remaining ninety per cent. are communications of a private or friendly nature, and are lost largely through carelessness, thoughtlessness, haste or ignorance.

"Plum Hollow," "Gooseberry Row," "Devil's Elbow," "Stoney

Lonesome," "Sandy Hill," "The Six Corners," "Rocky Precipice," "Holy Land," "The Berry Patch," "Jumping-off Place," "Dark Town," "Hog's Back," "Purgatory," "Sodom," "The Graveyard," "Spookville," "Ghost's Valley," "Old Joe's Tavern," "Lover's Lane," etc., are names which are frequently written on envelopes as post office addresses when they are only local or "nick-names." Such picturesque titles may be familiar to rural residents in certain localities, but one would search in vain for such sombre sobriquets among the 13,823 offices in the official postal list of the Dominion.

Often the name of a place in the post office guide and in the railway timetable does not correspond. In railway circles the burg may be known as Bismarck, and in mail matters as West Lorne. Careless correspondents in Canada and foreign lands put down anything that comes conveniently to mind, and thus results the endless story of lost letters.

"I would like to work in a dead letter office," exclaims a pert young miss. "Just think the great fun that the girls must have there, reading love letters that go astray, proposals of matrimony, jealous jibes, sentimental sighs, family feuds and gossip of weddings, balls and parties! Indeed, it must be immense."

What a primrose path of pleasure, but, alas! there is a thorn in the way. The rules are as rigid as the laws of the Medes and Persians. No employee is permitted to read about a single passage no matter how tempting and indelicious, or even to show it to another in the office. A clerk must not talk about the contents of a letter, that has found its way there, either within or without the walls. The servant in a house, who would inform an outsider of the size of the balance standing to the credit of a customer, would lose his post so quickly that his breath would come in gasps—and the interior intelligence of a dead letter office is equally sacred and confidential. Clerks are not even given per-

mission to read anything more than what is necessary to learn the name and address of the writer, so that the missive may be returned to the sender for better or more complete direction. If they do, dismissal is their lot. In certain instances, of course, a letter has to be scanned from superscription to signature, and even then no light on the mystery of its ownership or authorship may be had.

Supposing some effusive and inquisitive young lady or youth in the office did relish the reading of domestic tragedies, love's entanglements and messages that are vibrant with joy or pain, devotion or despair, the appetite would very soon be appeased. Secrets that have to be shared alone, no matter how excruciatingly funny, soon lose their charm if they cannot be communicated to some one else. The keen edge of scandal and curiosity is speedily dulled. A police court reporter is perhaps moved to compassion or consternation at the sad scenes he witnesses when he first records the proceedings, but in a week it becomes an old story. He attends from a strict sense of duty. His morbidness has all vanished; his sympathies do not work overtime. He proceeds to the daily session because it is his assignment. The child of a confectioner soon ceases to care for chocolate. The jeweler rarely decorates himself with diamonds, nor does a sensible milliner move along the streets displaying some crazy creation of flowers and feathers; yet the milliner and the jeweler could shine in their own adornments if they wished. From that which is in, around and about us we are glad at times to be delivered. It is the same in scanning the contents of misdirected mail matter. The romantic idea quickly vanishes.

In a dead letter office railway folders, guide books, directories, addresses—all conceivable sources of information—are searched in an effort to find some of the colloquial names used in the addressing of envelopes, so that the post office may forward the let-



POST OFFICE BUILDING AT OTTAWA

In the upper floor of this building is located the chief Dead Letter Office of the Dominion.

ters to the person intended. Should these avenues of research fail, the misdirected letter, when sent from villages and small towns, is returned to the postmaster, and a yellow slip or memo accompanies it, asking if he can furnish the name and address of the writer of a letter posted at such a place on such and such a date. The letter is headed _____

and signed _____. The postmaster makes full inquiries and in his reply the memo has also to be returned.

Many misdirected letters from the cities are merely headed, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Halifax or Vancouver, and signed, "Sincerely yours, Jim" "Your loving niece, Annie," "Your old schoolmate, Jennie," or "Your dying, devoted admirer, Percival." Nothing definite is given with reference to the identity of the writer, his or her street address, or house number—all of which is so essential to the prompt and proper delivery of

mail in the congested centres of Canada. How under heaven is a clerk in a dead letter office to know who "Jim," "Annie," "Jennie" or "Percival" are, or in what part of the city they reside, so that the epistle may be returned to them for better direction? Marvel not then that thousands of such letters never reach their destination.

George J. Binks is the superintendent of the head dead letter office, which is located on the fourth floor of the rebuilt city post office in the Capital. He has been five years in that position and a dead letter office official for thirty-four years. "I contend," he declares, "that while letter-writing is taught in our schools, instruction should go farther than it does. Writers should be taught to be as accurate and painstaking in the matter of attaching their full name and address as they are about the style and proper wording of a social note or a letter to some exalted per-

sonage. Letters are frequently posted with no name at all on the envelope, or perhaps the name alone, no post office address being given. There are thousands of these finding their way to the dead letter office every week.

"To illustrate what I mean—a letter is addressed to 'Mrs. Thomas Brown, Plum Hollow, Ont.' It is headed 'St. John,' and signed, 'Your affectionate cousin, Minnie.' In the first instance there is no such post office as Plum Hollow, and the letter is forwarded to the nearest local dead letter office to ascertain the identity of the writer, so that it may be returned to her for fuller or more accurate direction. The clerk glances through the sheets in a forlorn hope of finding out who the sender is or her street address. All that can possibly be learned from the contents is, 'Minnie, St. John, N.B.' There are perhaps two or three hundred ladies of that Christian name in the city and how is an employee to know which 'Minnie' is referred to. Post office staffs are only human. They are not as some people suppose, gifted with wisdom divine.

"Now, what I contend is, that in all schools instruction should be imparted to write at the head of each letter the street address—I am speaking, of course, with respect to the larger centres of population—and also to sign the name, or in every case give the surname along with the Christian name or initials. If this was carried out, the number of letters in the Dominion that do not reach their destination would be comparatively small. In the instance of which I have spoken, if only a street address, say, 119 King Street, had been given, this misdirected letter would have gone back from the nearest dead letter office to the sender, addressed to 'Minnie, 119 King Street, St. John, N.B.' and, as there would possibly be only one person of that name in the house, she would, in all probability, get back her wrongly addressed letter. Better still, if the full name, say, 'Minnie Kennedy, 119 King Street,' had been

signed, then beyond a doubt the writer would receive the letter.

"To sign a full name and give a street address may, in the case of personal, friendly or family correspondence, seem formal and ceremonious, but, nevertheless, it would guard against thousands of erroneously addressed communications which never reach the addressee. It is for the reason I have referred to, and many others I might mention, that I maintain that in the schools our future letter writers of Canada should be impressed with the importance of always putting their full name and street address in every message sent through the mails. It would prevent misunderstandings and much sorrow, loss, and disappointment."

"Only clerks in a dead letter office know of the carelessness, the thoughtlessness, the inaccuracies—and, yes, I may add, the stupidity of countless Canadian correspondents. It is the same story the world over. Every dead letter office in home or foreign lands has the same trials and difficulties to solve day after day. Mail clerks, letter carriers and postmasters are not infallible, but neither is the public, which is too prone to attach blame where it does not properly belong."

Although the offices are called "Dead Letter," the communications which find their way there are divided into two classes, known as "Special" and "Dead" letters. A dead letter is one unclaimed or refused by the consignee; in other words, it has no owner, except the writer. A special letter is one wholly unpaid, or with incomplete directions. A dead letter is returned to the writer, if his or her name is given, and a statutory charge of two cents demanded. It is not often that correspondents decline to redeem what they have written. Persons frequently refuse to take letters out of a post office if they think accounts are contained therein. They will stoutly deny that the letter is intended for them. Many of these "dinners," as some persist in calling



GEO. J. BINKS
Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office, Ottawa.

them, find their way to the dead letter office in case the name of a firm does not appear upon the envelope, so that it can be sent back direct. A letter, to which insufficient postage has been attached, is not as often refused by the consignee, as one would suppose.

During the last fiscal year 834,357 ordinary dead letters were received in Canada. The return dead letters, that is, letters sent out from dead letter branches and returned unclaimed, numbered 54,295, while there were 101,021 special letters, that is, those received for better direction. There were 20,617 dead registered letters that came into the offices during the year, of which 18,474 were returned to the writer, and 1,272 remained

awaiting claim. There were 11,313 special registered letters received for postage or better direction. Of these, 11,010 were sent back to the writers or forwarded to the addressees. From these figures one may see how thorough the dead letter offices are in their system of work and how perfect is the plan they pursue. Canada has seven dead letter offices and seven branches, more familiarly known as local dead letter offices. The former are located in Victoria, Vancouver, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa and Halifax. The branches are in St. John, Charlottetown, Quebec, Sherbrooke, Kingston, Hamilton and London. The branches deal solely with packets and post cards.

How long does a letter not called for remain in an office before it is sent to a dead letter office? In cities it is fifteen days, and in post offices other than cities it will rest undisturbed for thirty days before being sent to the "graveyard," as a dead letter office is occasionally termed. Parcels containing everything from a pocket knife to a shirt, for which an office is unable to find a consignee or consignee, are kept two years. No one appearing as owner, an auction sale, which is largely attended, is held every three or four years, and occasionally some good bargains are obtained by the bidders, who at times make matters lively. Anything that has not been on the premises fully two years is retained in the hope that the rightful possessor may appear. A cash book is kept, properly indexed, so that the date of the receipt of any letter of value, its disposition, etc., can be looked up in a minute.

Misdirected domestic mail matter is treated at the branch dead letter office, but all dead foreign mail matter has to be transmitted direct to the head dead letter office, Ottawa, where it is periodically forwarded to the country of its origin. Dead letter offices and their branches have at the end of each week to send all letters, which have not been dispatched to the writers or addressees, to the head office at Ottawa. Each dead letter office has its own division as well as its local branch. At the head office a further effort is made to locate the writer or person to whom the epistle is intended. The various postmasters in large centres in Canada must keep a record of each letter sent to the dead letter offices, the date, and other particulars, so that it may be traced at any subsequent time.

Ordinary unclaimed letters of no apparent value are destroyed at once in a dead letter office if they cannot be returned to the writer. All registered letters, if of value or containing value, are kept five years before being

destroyed, but registered letters of evidently no worth are held only one year. Any money not claimed is placed away in a bank to the credit of the Receiver General of Canada. The amount of cash, for which no claimants appear, aggregates \$1,200 to \$1,400 annually. The total at the present time, to the credit of this fund, which goes on periodically and is reduced more or less as applications are made, is not easy to furnish. The money itself does not remain in the Post Office Department, but is deposited from time to time in the bank.

In the event of any application being made for any letter containing money, which has never been to application been removed, a cheque for the amount is sent to the applicant, who may be either the writer or the addressee.

There are some sixty foreign countries to which Canada transmits mails and from which mails are received. All foreign dead letters, parcels, packets, etc., are dispatched once a week to the United States, England and France. To other foreign lands a monthly return is made. Various other methods of the dead letter offices of Canada are too intricate to be of popular interest.

Canadians are certainly a letter-writing people, 300,000,000 letters, or about 60 per head, passing through the mails during the last fiscal year, as well as 40,000,000 new cards, 80,000,000 newspapers, books and parcels, and last—certainly most important of all, if you get one—0,078,000 registered letters. There were 446 new post offices opened last year, and the postage issue was \$8,785,370. Canada was the first colony to inaugurate penny postage, and the first rural mail delivery was begun in the Dominion several months ago. As can readily be observed, the postal system of Canada is one of progress and development, reflecting great credit upon the administration of the Post Office Department.



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Her New England Cousin. Clara Leslie
Bertram-Ladies' Home Journal.
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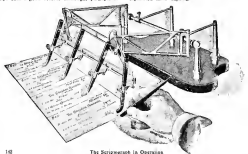
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